TEXAS WOMAN'S UNIVERSITY
SCIENTIA LUMEN VITAE

LIBRARY

DENTON

TEXAS

LIBRARY
DENTON
TEXAS

O-1850-10M

WD
S

DATE DUE

Demco, Inc. 38-293

Printed in U.S.A.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2022 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/paradisdemoncrif0000augu

PARADIS DE MONCRIF

THE ADVENTURES OF ZELOIDE

BROADWAY LIBRARY OF
EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY
FRENCH LITERATURE

THE BROADWAY LIBRARY OF EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH LITERATURE

EDITED BY RICHARD ALDINGTON
WITH A GENERAL INTRODUCTION
BY SIR EDMUND GOSSE

DIALOGUES OF DENIS DIDEROT. *Translated by* FRANCIS BIRRELL

THE SOFA: A MORAL TALE. *By* CRÉBILLON FILS. *Translated by* BONAMY DOBRÉE

LETTERS OF VOLTAIRE AND FREDERICK THE GREAT *Translated by* RICHARD ALDINGTON

MEMOIRS OF THE BASTILLE. *By* LATUDE *and* LINGUET *Translated by* J. AND S. F. MILLS WHITHAM

MEMOIRS OF THE PRINCE DE LIGNE. *Translated by* LEIGH ASHTON

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF THE DUC DE RICHELIEU. *Translated by* F. S. FLINT

SHORT STORIES BY CRÉBILLON FILS, ABBÉ DE VOISENON, AND MONTESQUIEU. *Translated by* EMILIE JACKSON

THE REVERIES OF A SOLITARY. *By* J. J. ROUSSEAU *Translated by* JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

PENSÉES AND LETTERS OF JOUBERT. *Translated by* H. P. COLLINS

MEMOIRS OF THE DUC DE LAUZUN. *Translated by* C. K. SCOTT MONCRIEFF

MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE POMPADOUR. *By her waiting-woman,* MADAME DU HAUSSET. *Translated by* F. S. FLINT

MEMOIRS OF A NUN. *By* DENIS DIDEROT. *Translated by* FRANCIS BIRRELL

LOVE LETTERS OF MLLE DE LESPINASSE. *Translated by* E. H. F. MILLS

ADVENTURES OF ZÉLOIDE. *By* PARADIS DE MONCRIF. *Translated by* C. K. SCOTT MONCRIEFF

THE PICTURE OF PARIS. *By* L. S. MERCIER. *Translated by* WILFRID *and* EMILIE JACKSON

LETTERS AND MEMOIRS OF MME D'EPINAY. *Translated by* MRS. E. G. ALLINGHAM

The above volumes are ready or nearing publication.
A complete list will be found at the end of this volume

Published by
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LTD.

THE BROADWAY LIBRARY
OF XVIII CENTURY FRENCH LITERATURE

THE ADVENTURES OF ZELOIDE AND AMANZARIFDINE

BY

AUGUSTIN-PARADIS DE MONCRIF

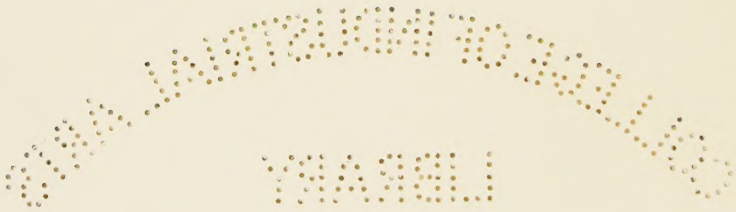
Translated with an Introduction by
C. K. Scott Moncrieff

Published by

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LTD
BROADWAY HOUSE, CARTER LANE, LONDON

MEZZANINE

First published in 1929



PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN BY
WILLIAM BRENDON AND SON, LTD., PLYMOUTH

TO

WILLIAM AND EDITH MONCREIFFE

WHO UPHOLD THE NAME.

C. K. S. M.

ROME,
January, 1929.

66002

MEZZANINE

CONTENTS

PAGE

Translator's Dedication v

Introduction ix

The Adventures of Zeloide and Amanzarifdine . . xliii

Rival Souls: A Fable 119

Fairy Gifts: or The Power of Education: A Tale . 149

The Isle of Liberty: A Tale 163

The Ancestors: or Personal Merit: A Tale . . 175

Alidor and Thersander: A Tale 181

The Travellers: A Tale 189

INTRODUCTION

PARADIS DE MONCRIF

I

"The sirname of Moncreiff, which is local, is of great antiquity in Perthshire, and was assumed by the possessors of the lands and barony of Moncreiff in that county, as soon as sirnames began to be used in Scotland." Thus Sir Robert Douglas begins his account of the family in the *Baronage of Scotland*—in the course of which entertaining work he shows that many, if not most, other "sirnames" were assumed about the same unspecified time. The origin of the name (to which migrant branches of the family have given various phonetic spellings, Moncrif being the French and Moncrieff presumably a Dutch adaptation) is, indeed, to be found in the Gaelic words *monadh croibhe*, the wooded hill, a name which irresistibly suggests the *mons graupius* of Tacitus, although almost every laird in Perthshire has been able to identify that historic site within his own marches. The hill of Moncreiffe, which rises abruptly to a height of 756 feet, is crowned with a Pictish fort about 50 feet in diameter; it

commands the rivers Tay and Earn, to the north and south respectively, and the flat peninsula of the Rhynd above their junction; it also protects the city of Perth which lies immediately to the west of it, the more ancient Pictish capital of Abernethy to the south, across the Earn, and the most convenient route to the Highlands. As we are told that Agricola sent his fleet ahead, before marching his army to the battle of Mons Graupius, we may without straining probabilities assume that the fleet was lying in the shallow Firth of Tay between the Rhynd peninsula and the modern Tay Bridge. On this assumption, two of the most famous epigrams in literature: "Omne ignotum pro magnifico est" and "Ubi solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant" were uttered by a Scottish chieftain, in the language of the country, somewhere upon the surface of Moncreiffe Hill. For six centuries and a half we hear no more: then there is the Battle of Moncreiff, fought in what is now the park of Moncreiffe House, at the foot of the hill, in which Angus MacFergus, the Pictish King, defeated Alpin, in the year 728. Four centuries more bring us to the traditional founder of the family, Ramerus (? Ranierus) de Moncreiff, said to have been Keeper of the Wardrobe to King Alexander the Fierce, a son of Malcolm Canmore and Saint Margaret, who reigned from 1107 to 1124. No documentary evidence of his existence survives; but the tradition is supported by the blazon of the family arms: argent a lion rampant gules *a chief ermine*. An eighteenth-century transcript of a charter which the names and offices

of its witnesses prove to have been sealed "in the cemetery of the church of Munehttref [*sic*]" in or shortly before the year 1230 records the surrender by Patrick de Nagtun of all right to the lands of Munehttref to David de Munehtes [*sic*], probably the David de Muncref who witnessed a similar charter by William, son of Patrick the Brewer, to Sir Matthew de Muncref in or before the year 1247. The lands were confirmed to this Matthew and his heirs, in "free warren" by King Alexander II in February, 1249.

From this point the family history follows the usual course. Sir John de Moncrefe did homage to the King of England in 1296 and gave an annuity of barley, oats and wheat to the Blackfriars of Perth, the equivalent of which is still paid annually by his representative to the Perth Hospital. In 1455 Malcolm Muncreif of that ilk received a grant of his lands in free Barony "to be called in all time coming the Barony of Muncreif," from King James II. His son and successor, John, was Chamberlain and Scutifer to King James III in 1464, and his younger son, George de Muncrefe, who had married a Danish lady in the train of Queen Margaret, received a grant of the lands of Tippermaloch from that King in 1473, upon the quaint grounds "quia conjux Mettey nationis Dacie, familiaris nostre serenissime conjugis regine ad ipsum regem felicem nuncium attulit, reginam regi pulcherrima forma filium peperisse et regemque eo pacto [*sic*] regio *prole patrem effecisse et constituisse parentem*, a form of words which suggests that James III, like his grandfather and some of his

descendants, should be numbered among our Scottish poets. The shapely boy whose birth brought this enrichment to the Moncreiff family was James IV, who was to perish forty years later at Flodden with the flower of his nobility and gentry, including George Moncreiff's nephew Sir John Moncreiff of that ilk.

It is during the time of this Sir John's son and successor, William Moncreiff, who held his estates for more than sixty years, that the first emigration to France can be traced; during the stormy years that followed the death of James V in 1542, when he himself had been taken captive to England after Solway Moss, his eldest son, another William, who had been denounced with others of the family, for taking part in the rebellion of the Earls of Lennox and Glencairn, obtained leave to pass into France under the Earl of Cassillis and Lord Ruthven, and so disappears from the chronicle from 1553 to 1565, when he and a brother reappear in the Duke of Chatelherault's plot to kidnap Darnley and his father. It is evident, however, that some cadets of the family had already settled in France. Francisque Michel, in his *Les Écossais en France* (1862), records that " dans la Recherche de la noblesse de Champagne, par d'Hozier, on retrouve la généalogie, et les armes, de six familles signalées comme venues d'Écosse: celles de Berey, d'Andresson, de Locart, de Montcrif, de Tournebulle, et de Val-Dampierre . . . La Maison de Montcrif portait d'or [*sic*] au lion de gueules, armé et lampassé d'azur, au chef d'hermine "; while in Burgundy, Jean de

Moncrif and his grandson Claude, Seigneurs de Bellenot, were Archers of the Scots Guard from 1546 to 1578. Their line ended in the eleventh generation with the death of Antoine de Moncrif, son of Antoine Claude de Moncrif, Seigneur de Verneuil, at Eylau in 1812.

II

Before leaving the family tree, we may pause to examine the principal bearers of the name at the time of our author's birth in 1687. Sir James Moncreiff, fourth Baronet of that ilk, who succeeded an obscure elder brother in 1692, was the fourth son of a marriage celebrated in 1634, and served with Lord Dumbarton's regiment at Tangier, in Holland and at Sedgemoor, where he was wounded. In 1693 he received a commission as Colonel of a new regiment to be raised in Scotland for service in Ireland. The Moncreiff regiment remained in Scotland, and Sir James appears to have relinquished his commission a year later. The regiment then went to Flanders, where it served at Namur and in the wars of Queen Anne's reign, to be disbanded in Holland in 1714. Sir James appears to have been disabled by his earlier service; and to have retired to Dunkeld. On January 1, 1704, the Duchess of Atholl writes of him to her husband: "He never comes abroad now. He is so extremely deafe yt nobody is able to speake to him, for tho' they shout till they make their heads acke he does not hear them. He has not been well this 2 or 3 days, he com-

plains of some pain in his leg yt is uneasy to him. I was to see him a fortnight agoe; he was busy making his snuff, which is his only devertion." A month later, the Duke's brother, Lord James Murray, writes: "Poor Sir James Moncreiff is very ill, I doub cannot live. You know wee ar the nearest relations he has; if you have any thought wher and how he should be buried, pleas let me know." Of his death and burial there is no record, but he was succeeded by a cousin, John Moncreiff of Tippermaloch, who survived Queen Anne by a month, dying in his eighty-seventh year, in September 1714. In 1668 he had signed a bond, binding himself not to do certain acts to which "I might be entysed by the facility of my nature." Some years later "he was three nights in dreaming, and the manner is remarkable, for where he left off the first night he began the second, and where he left off the second he began the third, and in that night his dream was finished." He first saw a great commotion in England, and then an army (the Chaldeans) gathering in the north of Scotland, which advanced towards Stirling, and caused much consternation until another army appeared from the west, which routed the northern host, and afterwards encountered an ambassador on horseback from the south, who reproved them for their sense of security, distrust, and unbelief. He then saw a company of Episcopal clergymen on the seaside—also ships in the Firth—and, looking southwards, he observed a number of crowned horsemen riding towards Edinburgh. Then followed a great meeting in Edinburgh for

settling the affairs of the kingdom, and five or seven delegates were sent to Holland, with whom the dreamer flew thither through the air, and beheld a great light. From Holland he flew with two ambassadors to Rome, where he saw great darkness, in which, however, the ambassadors shone as stars. When, nearly forty years later, he heard of the "Sacchervail mobs," he decided that "they wer the begening of the accomplishment of his dreame, and er long our troubles wald begine in Scotland." He seems also to have practised medicine, and in his eighty-fifth year published *The Poor Man's Physician*, a work whose rarity constitutes its sole value to-day.

Of a different stamp was his cousin, Mr. Alexander Moncrieff (1613–1688), minister of Scoonie in Fife, who devoted an active life to defying every possible form of constituted authority. Presented to his living by Charles I in 1647, he soon found an antagonist in his laird, Sir Alexander Gibson, Lord Durie, a son of the more famous Lord President Durie who, as Sir Walter Scott relates in the *Minstrelsy*, was kidnapped on the sands of Leith and held in captivity for three months in Annandale. In 1650, at a Communion in Scoonie church, "both Durie and his lady was debarred from the tabel, because of their malignancie." Four years later, he denounced from the pulpit "ane absolute judgement of destruction and ruine against the House of Durie, without any condition of repentance." A few weeks later we find this resolute man keeping a public Fast in protest against an ordinance by Cromwell which, at one dash, did overthrow the

discipline and government of the Church of Scotland. In the following summer, at a Faſt at Scoonie, we find the miniſter choosing three elders, with the accompaniment of "a great conteſt in words betwixt the Lord Durie and Mr. Alex. Moncreife. All the time of this jangling, which was before the choosing of the three elders, Mr. Alex. was in the pulpitt, and Durie in his owne seat. James Turpie, Durie's coall-griefe, was firſt called upon that day to be ane elder by the miniſter, bot he altogether refused, notwithſtanding that Mr. Alex. told him publicklie from the pulpitt that he was content to accept the night before; the miniſter said to him that this could be nothing else bot a suggeſtion of Satan. Durie, publicklie, in the feace of the congregation, discharged any that he had power ouer, or in his grounde to accept to be ane elder (bot to hear the Word reuerentlie, and no more). Among other expressions that Mr. Alex. spake to Durie, one was, that he called him ane opposer and persecuter of the Church of Scotland. (Obs. that this was so sharpe and bitter a conteſt betuixt Durie and the miniſter, that the hearers affirmed that the like had neuer beine in that place.) Moreouer, Durie desyred the miniſter to hold his peace, and the miniſter desired Durie to hold his peace. Durie also told that ther wolde be a visitation of that church shortlie, and they wold discerne which of them were in the wronge." The miniſter's proteſt againſt Cromwell ſtood him in little ſtead, for the firſt Committee of Eſtates appointed after the Reſtoration reſolved to commit the "proteſting miniſters" to the

Castle of Edinburgh, including Mr. Alexander Moncreiff and the less fortunate Mr. James Guthrie, minister of Stirling, who was publicly hanged at the Cross of Edinburgh in 1661. "During the usurpation, Mr. Alexander Moncrief was persecuted by the English for his loyalty to the king, and his constant praying for him. His house was many times searched and rifled by the English, and he obliged to hide. Upon the Sabbath he had spies set upon him, and was closely watched where he went after preaching. Frequently he was hotly pursued; and one time a company of horse came after him when fleeing, and by a special providence, though attacked once and again by them, by his own fortitude and resolution he got clear of them, and escaped at that time. Thereafter in a neighbouring congregation he was seized, and imprisoned some time, merely for praying for the king." The object of his prayers showed him little gratitude. After he had lived for some time in "a remote place in the Highlands, where his good God, who had all along countenanced and supported him wonderfully in his troubles, honoured him to be instrumental in the conversion of many . . . he brought his family to Perth for the education of his children, where he continued preaching the gospel; a few at first, but afterwards a great many attended his ministry. Being informed against, we may easily guess by whom, a party of the horse guards were sent to apprehend him, but he escaped, though his house was narrowly and rudely searched: this forced him from his family, and he was obliged to lurk a good

while. At length he came in with his family to Edinburgh, where he preached the gospel many years in private, under a series of trouble and persecution. He was intercommuned, as we shall hear, and his house and many places in and about the city narrowly searched for him, yet he was always marvellously hid. Many instances might be given when he went to the country. Many times parties of the guards were sent in quest of him, and sometimes he would meet them in his return, and pass through them unknown. When he was lodged in a remote part of the suburbs of Edinburgh, a captain with a party of the regular troops searched every house and chamber of the close, save the house where he lodged, into which they never entered, though the door was open. At another time when he was lurking in a private family without the wall of Edinburgh, a party was sent to apprehend him; providentially he had gone out to walk near by the house where he was: the party observing him, and by his gravity suspecting him a minister, one of them said: 'That may be the man we are seeking': 'Nay,' said another, 'he would not be walking there'; thus they entered into the house and searched it narrowly for him. Again, when advertised that the soldiers were coming to search for him in his own house, he lingered till another minister came in to him, and said, 'Sir, you must surely have a protection from heaven, that you are so secure here, when the town is in a disorder, and a general search to be made'; and immediately he went off. In a little Mr. Moncrief went out, and he was not well

downstairs, when the guard came up and searched his house. He took a little turn in the ſtreet, and came back to his house again, juſt as the guards went off.

" Those and many other preservations he could not but remark. But the persecution ſtill continuing, and turning hotter, he was obliged to dismiss, and scatter his family for some time. He was solicited, when in those circumſtances, to leave the kingdom, and had an ample call to Londonderry in Ireland; yet he always declined to leave his native country, and in his pleasant way used to say, ' He would suffer where he had sinned, and essay to keep possession of his Maſter's house, till he should come again.' . . . His sufferings are a little hinted at in *The Fulfilling of the Scriptures*, p. 343. But such was his self-denial, that though he be not named, nor his persecutors, as long as he lived he would not suffer that book to be in his family. He lived till harveſt, 1688, and so may be said indeed to ' have kept possession of his Maſter's house till he came back '; as he frequently used to express his own hopes under this dark period of sufferings." He was buried in the Greyfriars Kirkyard of Edinburgh, by his six surviving children, who somewhat complacently describe themselves, on his monument, as " patri simillima proles." Of these, his eldeſt son was the father of Mr. Alexander Moncrieff of Culfargie, appointed miniſter of Abernethy in 1719, whose life is recorded in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. He was one of the founders of the Secession, a body part of which, through devious courses, is now finding its way back to the main ſtream of the Church of

Scotland. Another son, Mr. William Moncrieff, minister of Largo, in Fife, from 1691 to 1723, is thus recorded:

> This preacher showed himself what few can do,
> A Barnabas and Boanerges too;
> A son of thunder, with alarming noise;
> A son of comfort, with a charming voice.

The youngest son, David Moncrieff of Easter Rhynd, returned from Holland at the Revolution, and was made Clerk to the Scots Privy Council, an office which involved him in some responsibility for the Massacre of Glencoe.

As different in quality again was Thomas Moncreiff, Clerk of the Exchequer, who continued to hold an important public office throughout the vicissitudes of the latter half of the seventeenth century, and managed during a lifetime of nearly ninety years to restore the diminished fortunes of his family, of which he became *de facto* Chief. Descended from a younger brother of the Laird who fell at Flodden, his grandfather, David Moncreiff *alias* Prat *alias* Todnollis, had been driven into retirement in the Orkneys about the year 1580, in consequence of various lethal accidents which had led him to assume two temporary surnames in succession. In 1585 another exiled Scot writes from Kirkwall: "Ye will remember to bring with yow ane dosen of commoun golf ballis to me and David Moncreiff." Orkney, in the sixteenth century, was governed after a behaviourist policy, and David seems to have thrived exceedingly under the Stewart Earls, Robert and Patrick, and to have survived the latter's

execution in 1615. His grandson, Thomas Moncreiff, who was born towards the end of 1626, is said to have come to the mainland about the year 1648, when he attached himself to the person of the High Treasurer, John Lindsay, 1st Earl of Lindsay and 17th Earl of Crawford. During the usurpation, when Crawford was imprisoned for nearly three years at Windsor, he is said to have been " Clerk of the Secret but Royal Committee, and sent by them several times abroad to His Majesty in Exile." Crawford was restored to his office at the Restoration, and in the following year Thomas Moncreiff was appointed Clerk of the Exchequer, a post which he held for more than forty years. He then began to acquire the family estates of Moncreiff and Easter Moncreiff from their impoverished owners, and in 1667 received a Charter from King Charles II of the lands and Barony of Moncreiff, and others, which are still held by the descendant of his nephew and successor. Crawford had already resigned his offices rather than accept Episcopacy, but in 1684 we find Moncreiff presenting Mr. Alexander Leslie, the intimate friend of Archbishop Sharp, to the living of Crail, in Fife, which was in the gift of the Crawford family. After the Revolution, he continued to employ various non-juror clergymen as tutors to his nephews and in similar capacities, while remaining a loyal servant of King William. In 1679 he built the existing house of Moncreiffe, and on Saint Andrew's Day, 1685, he was created, by King James VII, a Baronet of Nova Scotia, with remainder to his heirs male whatsoever. Having no children,

he devoted part of his large fortune to the education of his nephews and nieces. An illness in 1697, when he was seventy years old, encouraged various hopes of succession to his office; but in Auguſt of that year the Earl (afterwards 1st Duke) of Argyll writes to Mr. Secretary Carſtairs: "Sir Thomas Moncrief is recovered, who deserves his place very well while he lives." A few years later, we get a hint at his rectitude from a letter written by the aſtute "Union" Duke of Queensberry to the no less aſtute Lord Tarbat: "Your Lordships son, James, mett with some obſtructions in his pretension, which I could not foresee, but I know that none of them has so great weight as that of Sir Thomas Moncreifs not consenting; wherefore, endeavour to gain the old gentleman, and I doe not doubt to make it yett succeed. And he is to blame if he refuses a conjunct in the termes which your son is willing to serve in." The offices of the Clerkship of the Treasury and of the Keepership of the Regiſter of Signatures were ratified to him by the Scots Parliament in 1707, when he was in his eighty-first year, but after the Union of Parliaments in that year he probably enjoyed the sinecure to which he was well entitled. He survived Queen Anne by five months, dying in his eighty-ninth year in January 1715. Two portraits of him are preserved at Moncreiffe; one in the prime of his life painted by Sir John Medina, the other showing an old and toothless man, in his robe of office, but each alike teſtifying physically to the ſtrength of his character and his capacity for affairs.

III

In the bosom of this somewhat incongruous family, somewhere in the third quarter of the seventeenth century a daughter was born, who was to make the name Moncrif illustrious for a season in France. Her parentage, even her Christian name, is unrecorded, but we learn from a contemporary diarist that " Ecossaise des Basses-Terres, née Moncrëiff, d'une famille presbytérienne, ayant fourni à la Cause plusieurs ministres et théologiens, elle n'avait pas hérité, bien au contraire, l'austérité sentencieuse ni la rigide vertu de son lignage." She was given in marriage to one " sieur Paradis, procureur au Châtelet, pourvu d'un titre honorifique de secrétaire du Roi," and bore him two sons, the elder, François-Augustin, in 1687. This was the year in which the Toleration allowed the exiled Presbyterian ministers to return to Scotland; two years earlier, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes had expelled most of the Protestants from France. Paradis, unfortunately, was inclined to embezzle, and was unable to restore, the funds of his clients. To avoid prosecution, he took sanctuary in the Temple, and there died, after no long interval, in misery and shame. His widow, still young and beautiful, and " as gallant as could be," set to work with no less industry than her kinsman Sir Thomas to repair the fortunes of her small family, and soon created for herself the important though unofficial post of *Secrétaire Galante* to the Ladies of the Court.

We may imagine her, a female Figaro, flitting from *hôtel* to *hôtel*, always primed with the latest scandals, always ready to lend a skilled hand to the concoction of innocent intrigues, and always nourishing in her heart the thought of her handsome son and his career. For the younger boy, who was devoid of talent, a commission was procured in the army, and we hear no more of him: he may have met his death in combat with Marlborough's army, or he may have survived to found an obscure family in some corner of France. The elder, who had wit and physical beauty, was educated with care, and showed an instinctive discrimination for the things that would matter: poetry, dancing, music, and above all fencing, of which he became a master: "mais, en fréquentant les salles d'armes, il eut le mérite très rare à son âge de n'en prendre ni le ton, ni les mœurs." We think of de Marsay, Rastignac, d'Esgrignon and Lucien Chardon *dit* de Rubempré, and sigh that a Balzac was not there to make imperishable the rise to distinction of this attractive creature. Such notice as we have of his youth is to be found in the *Loisirs d'un ministre d'État* and *Journal* of the Marquis d'Argenson, who was slightly his junior, and from hearsay in d'Alembert's *Histoire des membres de l'Académie française morts depuis* 1700 *jusqu'a* 1771. D'Alembert, who was thirty years younger than Moncrif, can have had no personal knowledge of his early life.

In the fencing schools, Moncrif acquired the same standing among the young men of his generation that his mother possessed among theirs; his books, when

the time came for him to write them, were assured of a friendly reception. But for books there could be no time at first: he was nearly thirty when the death of Louis XIV inspired an Ode which concludes with a thoughtful tribute to the Regent:

C'eſt en toi que la France espère,
Ton pouvoir devient son bonheur ;
Sois pour elle aussi tendre père
Que tu fus zélé défenseur.
Tel que le Souverain du Monde,
Prince, ta sagesse profonde
Sera le modèle d'un Roi ;
Cède à la vertu qui t'anime ;
Tu nous dois un Roi magnanime.
Fais qu'il soit aussi grand que toi.

Hardly great poetry, but excellent policy. Earlier in the same year (the Censor's approval is dated 18 February, the Privilege 22 May and the registration 6 July, 1715) he published *Les Avantures de Zéloïde et d'Amanzarifdine, contes indiens, Dédiés à Madame la Duchesse d'Aumont.* This dedication records the author's first approach to an eſtablished position. He had made friends with the abbé Nadal, an obscure poetaſter who survives only by the accident of his having parodied Voltaire, who rejoined with an address to Titon du Tillet, author of the *Parnasse français*:

Dépêchez-vous, monsieur Titon,
Enrichissez votre Hélicon.
Placez-y sur un piédeſtal
Saint-Didier, Dauchet et Nadal.

Qu'on voie armés du même archet
Nadal, Saint-Didier et Dauchet,
Et couverts du même laurier
Dauchet, Nadal et Saint-Didier.

But Nadal was secretary to the Duc d'Aumont, to whom he presented Moncrif. Louis-Marie-Victor, third Duc d'Aumont, is thus enshrined by Saint-Simon: "M. le duc d'Aumont était d'une force prodigieuse, d'une grande santé, débauché à l'avenant, d'un goût excellent, mais extrêmement cher à toutes sortes de choses: meubles, ornements, bijoux, équipages. . . . Il prenait à toutes mains et dépensait de même. C'était un homme de beaucoup d'esprit, mais qui ne savait rien, à paroles dorées, sans foi, sans âme, de peu de réputation à la guerre pour en parler sobrement." Such a man was presumably incapable of composing light verse; to such a man Moncrif would be invaluable. In 1713, the Duc d'Aumont had been sent as Ambassador to the Court of St. James's, and had taken Moncrif with him to Powis House, Great Ormonde Street. A French Ambassador at the Court of the dying Queen Anne might indeed have made history, but all that remains on record is that Powis House was destroyed by fire, at a cost of fifteen hundred thousand livres to the French Crown. Queen Anne died, and M. le duc d'Aumont, with Moncrif, was recalled to Paris. The former a broken man, the latter enriched with a fund of witty anecdotes of the eccentricities of the English. But Louis XIV died also, and the wit and gaiety which the coming of the Hanoverians banished from the court of London

reappeared at once in that of Paris. Moncrif's stories, imitations, charades became the rage, and on an evening when he was more than ever at his best, he met the brothers d'Argenson. These were the sons of Marc-René Voyer de Paulmy d'Argenson, Lieutenant-General of Police and Keeper of the Seals: the elder, René-Louis, Marquis d'Argenson, styled "d'Argenson la bête," was to become Foreign Minister, his brother, Marc-Pierre, Comte d'Argenson, styled "d'Argenson la chèvre," was already Lieutenant of Police with the right of succession, and was afterwards War Minister. Moncrif outlived them both, but while they lasted they gave him invaluable support. The younger brother took Moncrif as his secretary, and the elder records an amusing consequence of their association.

Marc-Pierre, in the course of a visit to Touraine, had made the acquaintance of a young lady of that province, from whom, after he returned to Paris, he received affectionate letters to which he was bound in honour to reply. The task was left to Moncrif, who acquitted himself as a true son of Madame Paradis, sparing his patron even the trouble of making fair copies of his drafts. Years passed: the lady, now a wife and mother, having occasion to write again to the Count, now a Minister, was amazed to find in his answers no trace of the ardent style, nor even the calligraphy of those letters which she had faithfully preserved. "Thus she might learn," says the Marquis, "that Ministers and those who are destined to become Ministers are not always unaided

in the performances from which they derive most honour."

By this time Moncrif had written a comedy in vers libres, *Les Abdérites*, in which he parodied the tragic muse of Crébillon and satirised the current craze for theatricals in high society; this was printed in 1722, but it was not until ten years later that it was put on the stage.

He had published also, in the year 1727, the work that alone has kept his name alive: that strange blend of research and sycophancy and literary grace, *Histoire des Chats. Dissertation sur la prééminence des chats dans la société des autres animaux d'Egypte, sur les distinctions et privilèges dont ils ont joui personellement, sur le traitement honorable qu'on leur faisait pendant leur vie et des monuments et autels qu'on leur dressoit après leur mort, avec plusieurs pièces qui y ont rapport.* From this order of publication we can trace the carefully canalised course of his talent: Galland had made the *Arabian Nights* popular; hence *Les Avantures de Zéloïde*. But a literary pastiche, however excellent, must always be of subordinate and temporary value. Mr. Beerbohm's *Out of Harm's Way* is meaningless to a generation that has outlived the late Master of Magdalene. What next? There was the smart fondness for playing at play-acting, which in more recent times inspired *A Pantomime Rehearsal* (to the confusion of some groundlings at least who, in Glasgow, some years ago, protested at being made to pay to watch a rehearsal of a work that was overdue); hence *Les Abdérites*. A play, however, to be effective,

must be seen upon the stage. But cats: no really nice woman was without one, save in the sad hours of bereavement when she could find consolation in Moncrif's touching elegies. The book had an immediate success. But, so far, the future Academician had but three small volumes, two in 12mo and the *Cats* in 8vo, to his credit, and—he had turned forty. His mother was, doubtless, dead; and in the ball-rooms and in the fencing-schools a generation had sprung up that knew not Paradis de Moncrif: how was he to re-establish a position that had never been firmly established, for he came of a long-lived race.

The miracle seems to have occurred in 1729, when the Comte d'Argenson took his invaluable secretary among the motley crowd of philanderers and actors who frequented the Duchesse de Bouillon's *salon* on the Quai des Théatins. "La princesse du quai des Théatins," the elder d'Argenson calls her, "empoisonneuse et assassineuse"; but we must observe that she had not yet poisoned Adrienne Lecouvreur, as the actress survived until 1730. By the side of this ancestress of Mme de Villeparisis Moncrif found installed, as *amant en titre*, a more youthful, more influential, and more serviceable Norpois, the Comte-Abbé de Clermont.

An inexperienced pen hesitates to portray the amazing figure of this soldier-prelate, a great-grandson of the Great Condé, a grandson of Louis XIV and of Mme. de Montespan, General of the Benedictines and General of the Army (though not of the victorious army) at Crefeld; this pluralist of the amplest dimen-

sions who squandered three hundred thousand livres of ecclesiastical revenues upon his mistresses before retiring to end his days in no less wholehearted devotion. We must take him and leave him as he was in 1729 in Madame de Bouillon's *salon* and in the Petit-Luxembourg, a youth of twenty with an entire devotion to pleasure: and, to the pleasure-seeker, Moncrif was an admirable guide. Clermont lodged him in his palace, made him his patronage secretary, offered him a titular abbacy, which Moncrif, with great good sense, refused; more modest in this respect than at least two of his " famille presbytérienne " who had successively enjoyed the Priory of Elcho after the Reformation. In 1732, under the patronage of Clermont's mother, the dowager Duchesse de Bourbon, *Les Abdérites* was performed at Fontainebleau, and in the same year we find its author, turned tragedian, sustaining the part of Publicola in a performance of Voltaire's *Brutus*.

What, the reader may well ask, was Voltaire doing. It would not be fair to his memory to say that he was then, or at any time, jealous; but he was interested. He addressed the following compliment to Moncrif:

> Muse amiable, muse badine,
> Esprit juste et non moins galant,
> Vous ressemblez bien mieux à Lafare, à Ferran
> Que je ne ressemble à Racine,

a compliment which contains several grains of truth, for Lafare is almost and Ferran is quite forgotten, while there is not the slightest similarity between Voltaire and Racine. Moncrif accepted the compli-

ment, but did not introduce Voltaire to the Comte-Abbé de Clermont.

In 1735, Mgr. Jean-François-Paul Le Fèvre de Caumartin, Bishop of Blois, was obliged by reasons of mortality to vacate his seat in the Academy of France, and, as the Marquis d'Argenson chronicles: "Il y a quelques jours que l'on fit à l'Académie Française l'élection des deux places qui vacaient. La première a été donnée à Moncrif tout d'une voix; la seconde a été partagée entre l'abbé Blanier et M. Dupré de Saint-Maur: douze voix contre quatorze; le dernier l'a emportée de deux voix." Voltaire had thought of presenting himself, but had wisely withdrawn.

The ties of family affection must not be allowed to obscure the fact that Moncrif's election to the Academy provoked a storm. For a parallel, imagine the present writer being elected, under Rule II, to the Athenæum. One of the epigrams put in circulation may be quoted:

> Les beaux esprits vont nous apprendre
> Qui chez eux doit avoir le pas;
> Ils ont des rats, ils ont des rats,
> Il leur faut quelqu'un pour les prendre.
> Choisiront-ils l'auteur des Chats?
> Si vous ne choisissez Moncrif
> Clermont vous montrera la grif;
> Mais quand Moncrif sera reçu
> Apollon montrera le cul.

Though the prophecy embodied in the final couplet does not appear to have been fulfilled.

In 1738 he published his *Essai sur la nécessité et les moyens de plaire*, a work which must have done

service to many aspirants, and, in the same year, in Paris and in London, *Les Ames Rivales*, *histoire fabuleuse*, a translation of which will be found in this volume. Of his other works little need be said. *Les Abdérites* was followed by seven other dramatic pieces: *L'Empire de L'Amour*, *ballet héroique en trois entrées et* 1 *prologue en vers libres* (1733); *Zélindor*, *roi des Sylphes*, *ballet en* 1 *acte et en vers libres* (1745); *Almasis*, *ballet en* 1 *acte et en vers libres* (1748); *Ismène*, *pastorale héroique en* 1 *acte* (1748); *Les Génies tutelaires*, *Divertissement composé à la naissance de Monseigneur el Duc de Bourgogne*, 1 *acte et en vers libres* (1751); *Érosine*, *pastorale en* 1 *acte et en vers* (1765), and *La Sybille*, *opéra en* 1 *acte et en vers* (1770); in connexion with the last, it may be remarked that Verdi was only eighty when he composed *Falstaff*.

During these thirty-seven years Moncrif was a punctual attendant at the meetings of the Academy. He delivered two introductory speeches, and wrote several essays of an instructive nature. In *Les Ames Rivales* he shows once again his excellent quickness in seizing the popular ideas of the day; the transmigration of souls had come into fashion in 1738. In its London edition, this tale was appended to Montesquieu's *Temple de Gnide*, and both tales were attributed to Montesquieu, who sent an apology to Moncrif in which he said: " Je suis, à l'égard des ouvrages qu'on m'a attribués, comme La Fontaine-Martel était pour les ridicules: on me les donne, mais je ne les prends point." This epigram remained in Moncrif's memory, and, many years later, when the King, in a moment of

relaxation, teased him with: "Savez vous bien, Moncrif, qu'on vous donne quatre-vingt-dix ans?" he was prompt to reply: "Oui, Sire, mais je ne les prends pas."

Les Moyens de plaire is a dangerous title, surely. We feel that the genuinely pleasing people please instinctively, *sans en savoir les moyens*. Anyhow, a successful conjurer ought never to reveal how his tricks are done. We may see in the book both the core of morality and the instinctive generosity of his Scottish stock. Social duties must be placed upon a moral basis. He had overcome the hardships of his childhood, and he was minded that others should be able to succeed no less easily. But the book is not what might be expected—except by the theorist who has borne in mind Moncrif's Scottish upbringing. At the date of his mother's widowhood, Locke's *Essay on Education* had recently appeared; whether or not she turned to it for guidance in the management of her house, her son's essay is steeped in Locke, whom he quotes in and out of season. So far from anticipating the eighteenth-century theory of man's fundamental goodness, he seems inclined to base rather upon the rival theory which influenced the upbringing of children in Scotland until quite recent times. And some of his suggestions suggest the very latest devices for broadening public school education in England.

The boy must, at an early age be taught manners. (This has a Wiccamical ring.) He must be made acquainted with the men of the day, "car on trouvera

communément des gens qui connaissent tous les portraits qu'on a faits jusqu'ici des hommes et qui ne connaissent pas les hommes mêmes." (This anticipates Jowett.) He must be taught foreign languages "spécialement l'anglais et l'italien fort utiles." (A principle now largely accepted.) He must be trained in bodily exercises "à cause de l'impression subite que notre extérieur fait naître en notre faveur ou à notre désavantage" (compare the sonnets of the Rev. E. C. Lefroy); lastly, he must acquire an epistolary style "le talent de bien écrire des lettres étant un moyen de réussir" (here we are reminded of the widow Paradis, plying her useful trade from house to house).

When Father Ronald Knox preached his farewell sermon at Shrewsbury, he records that "the boys . . . felt that I was not so frivolous as usual, and wore a suppressed air of demanding their money back." The adult reception of *Les Moyens de plaire* was not dissimilar. A particularly deadly epigram was launched:

> Opprobre du corps littéraire,
> Maître ignorant en l'art de plaire,
> Tu n'es pas même à l'alphabet.
> Clermont te l'a bien fait connaître,
> Le premier point pour un valet
> C'est de savoir plaire à son maître !

For Moncrif had gone to the Petit-Luxembourg, and had found the door shut. Three causes have been suggested of his disgrace. First, as we find in

Barbier's *Journal*, that it was he who had written an insulting epigram upon Clermont and his brothers:

> Le roi ferait un bon marché
> Si Caron voulait échanger
> Trois Condé qu'il peut prendre
> (Eh bien?)
> Pour un qu'il pourrait rendre,
> Vous m'entendez bien.

It is, of course, inconceivable that Moncrif should have written these lines which, simultaneously, insult the House of Condé, his chief protectors, and also suggest that the King's Army was so deficient in capable generals that a resuscitation of the Great Condé was imperative. Hardly more plausible is the theory that Moncrif had shown himself too amorous with the dancer Camargo, who had succeeded Madame de Bouillon in Clermont's robust affections.

The third theory, put forward by d'Argenson, is far more conformable with what we already know of Moncrif's character. The War of the Austrian Succession had now begun, and a treaty had been signed with Frederick the Great. "Son Altesse Sérénissime entrait comme marionnette dans un beau projet pour faire commander l'armée d'Allemagne à M. de Belle-Isle. M. le comte de Clermont eût été généralissime avec M. de Belle-Isle sous lui, comme premier lieutenant général, qui eût tout fait. Moncrif comprit que son maître allait faire une mauvaise affaire, qu'il se ruinerait à cette campagne en frais de représentation et se donnerait un grand ridicule par la réunion

incompatible de ces deux qualités de général en chef et de prélat.

" On assure donc que Moncrif, par pur intérêt pour la personne du prince, eut recours a Madame la duchesse, afin d'empêcher son fils de faire une sottise. . . . Que l'on juge de la délicatesse d'une telle manœuvre! Il est certain que Moncrif, rentrant un soir chez son prince, trouva chez le suisse un ordre formel de ne plus approcher de la maison."

D' Argenson is no less discerning in his explanation of the joy that greeted Moncrif's disgrace. " On l'aimait peu à cause qu'il lui fallut passer par plusieurs gradations de la misère et du bas étage à la bourgeoisie renforcée, de là aux gens de condition, puis aux plus grands seigneurs et princes, et ayant obligation aux premiers de ces degrés de l'avoir admis et produit plus haut, s'y étant montré courtisan assidu et passionné de plaire, il lui a fallu négliger ceux qu'il avait ainsi cultivés d'abord, ce qu'ils ont pris en grande insulte. Alors l'amour-propre étant intéressé vivement, on cherche à mépriser grandement et à dénigrer celui qu'on croit qui nous méprise."

But his fall was not great; indeed, it defied the law of gravity. Within a few years of his dismissal by Clermont, the Duchesse de Luynes, Mistress of the Robes to Queen Marie Leczinska, secured his appointment as Reader in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

In these days, when Queens have taken to the honourable and, for them, lucrative profession of journalism, the post of Reader may well have fallen into desuetude; but in the eighteenth century a

daily visit, in privacy, to the consort of a Monarch who, however dissolute, was ſtill absolute, was a privilege greater than any that Moncrif had yet secured. Only, the tone was different. Already a neglected wife, Marie Leczinska had withdrawn into a life of reading, painting, music, memories of Poland, and piety. Her patronage was principally of convents, orphanages, and other charitable works. In 1747 Moncrif published *Poésies chrétiennes de Fr. Aug. de Moncrief, composées par ordre de la Reine*, in which he strikes a very different lyre:

> Ah ! daignez ne pas m'éprouver,
> O mon Dieu, sageſſe profonde,
> Quel exemple peut me ſauver,
> Des écueils ſemés dans le monde?
> Monde attirant, monde trompeur,
> A votre pouvoir enchanteur
> Je crains qu'enfin mon cœur ne cède.
> Contre un ennemi ſéducteur
> La fuite eſt l'unique remède.

Balzac is wanted, again, to describe the Cabinet des Antiques in which Moncrif (" le Fauteuil," they called him) took his place, evening after evening, " unique lighthouse in a sea of foggy, plum-coloured idealism " (to quote a ſtatesman of to-day): during the day he was also Reader to the Dauphine, Secretary to the Duc d'Orléans, Secretary-General of the Poſts and Royal Censor. The duties left him considerable leisure, which he employed after his own fashion. He varied hymnography with the production of *Romances*, in the vein of the court minſtrels of the

thirteenth century, such as *Le Secret pour aimer*, from which we extract the pleasing lines:

A quinze ans, quinze ans achevés,
N'auriez d'amour la fantaisie?
Que je vous plains, cœurs réprouvés!
Guérissez-vous, bien le pouvez;
Il ne faudra que voir ma mie.

Vous direz: Beaux yeux, me voilà;
Aimer, je veux d'amour extrême.
Son doux regard sur vous luira,
Et votre cœur tôt, s'écrira:
Ah! grand merci, voilà que j'aime.

He took up the stage again as a medium, inventing the form of entertainment styled "Parade," which found high favour, and scored an immense success with *Zélindor roi des sylphes;* nor did he neglect the persons of the performers. Grimm, in his *Correspondence littéraire*, reports him, in 1770—when he was well past eighty—as saying, as he passed through the green-room of the Opera: "Si quelqu'une de ces demoiselles était tentée de souper avec un vieillard bien propre, il y aurait quatre-vingt marches à monter, un petit souper assez bon et dix louis à gagner." Ten years earlier, he had succumbed to the charms of an experienced and ambitious woman, Marie-Claire Mazarelli, afterwards Marquise de la Vieuville de Saint-Chamond. Her experience had been mainly amorous; her ambition was literary, and the elderly academician served her as a ghost. On a dreadful evening in March 1762, ghost and flesh appeared together in the director's box at the Academy. The scandal was vast. Voltaire

wrote to Mme. du Deffand: "On m'a mandé qu'on avait découvert un bâtard de Moncrif qui a soixante-quatorze ans. Si cela eſt, Moncrif eſt le doyen des beaux esprits, mais il veut paraitre jeune et dit qu'il n'a que soixante-dix-huit ans. C'eſt avoir un grand fonds de coquetterie."

But every bed is potentially a death-bed, and even Moncrif had to take into account the arrival of a new and permanent partner. He died as he had lived. He enjoyed good company, and planned all the order of his funeral. Unable to continue his nightly attendance at the Opera, he ordered music, concerts, dancing in his apartment, and, on the 12th of November, 1770, "en un mot, il eſt mort en Anacréon, comme il avait vécu."

His epitaph was congenially written by La Place:

> Réalisant les mœurs de l'âge d'or,
> Ami sûr, auteur agréable,
> Ci-gît qui, vieux comme Neſtor,
> Fut moins bavard et plus aimable.

What better could be said of anyone?

His fauteuil, which he had taken from one Bishop, was beſtowed upon another. In January 1771, Mgr. Armand de Roquelaure, Bishop of Senlis, was elected to the Academy. Voltaire, who after the success of *Zélindor* had addressed its author continually as "cher Sylphe," wrote to d'Alembert: "Je crois que vous ferez bien de donner pour successeur à Moncrif, M. Gaillard, à condition qu'il ne parlera pas des cantiques sacrés que *ce Moncrif* faisait pour la reine."

The Mazarelli, for whom Moncrif had written an *Eloge du duc de Sully* and a tale entitled *Camédris*, both published under her name, survived him until 1804, having lived through many vicissitudes which he was justly spared.

Such was the man, and as such we must take him or leave him, adding and substracting nothing. Hardly the man, perhaps, to have commanded a regiment in Flanders, or to have served as Clerk of the Exchequer, or to have prescribed medicines for the poor, or to have carved yet another fissure in the Church of Scotland; but a man who held his own course past many obstacles, who lived for more than eighty years, and enjoyed life to the end, when, as d'Alembert observed: "Paradis de Moncrif sera tout à l'heure Moncrif de Paradis." May he rest there in peace.

C. K. S. M.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

THE tale of *The Adventures of Zeloide and Amanzarifdine* is translated from a copy of the first edition in my possession. The other tales I have taken from what I believe to be the latest reprint of Moncrif: Contes de Augustin-Paradis de Moncrif de l'Académie Française Avec une Notice bio-bibliographique par Octave Uzanne. Paris: A. Quantin, Imprimeur-Editeur, 7, Rue Saint-Bénoit, 7. 1879.

This volume consists of an introductory essay and bibliography by Uzanne (pages i to xliv), the *Histoire des Chats* (pages 1 to 144) and the six short tales here included (pages 145 to 252).

An entertaining account of Moncrif, to which I am greatly indebted for matter used in the introduction to this volume, is to be found in Monsieur A. Augustin-Thierry's Trois Amuseurs d'Autrefois Paradis de Moncrif Carmontelle Charles Collé, Paris Librairie Plon Plon-Nourrit et Cie, Imprimeurs-Editeurs, 8, Rue Garancière, 6e (1924).

THE ADVENTURES OF ZELOIDE AND AMANZARIFDINE

TO MADAME LA DUCHESSE D'AUMONT

MADAME,

It is only at the head of works which portray the virtues, that one should place a Name so respectable as your own; it is no doubt out of place in a Book which represents merely passions and amusements, and I feel that I am infinitely indebted to you for having allowed me the honour of dedicating it to yourself.

Nor is it in an Epistle dedicatory that the Praises which are your due should find a place; your sole business being to deserve them, you do not care to listen to them. Moreover, the impressions made upon the mind by that assemblage of beauty and virtues which is observed in you have no need of my office as interpreter to make them recognised. Were it permitted me to address you in terms of praise, they would be those which Monseigneur le Duc d'Aumont has so widely received: you could not refuse them a hearing, albeit you share in them by the bond that unites your destinies. Having had the honour to be attached to him during the important Negotiation which he has brought to so happy a conclusion, and which, confirming the great qualities that were already discerned in him, has added to them yet others; I might remind you of all the distinction that they

have shed upon him, but of what use would be so feeble a teſtimony as mine? The Peace that has been the fruit of his Embassy is become the only tribute worthy of him, the only one that can be flattering to yourself.

Conscious as I am of the delicacy of your Taſte, and of the sublimity of your Mind, may I not flatter myself, MADAME, that this Tale which I now present to you did not seem tedious when I had the honour of reading it to you? I portray in it the various revolutions to which the passions give rise in the human heart; and as you are acquainted with them only from outside examples, they ſtill appear to you in a guise of novelty which should amuse you. This gives me grounds for confidence; the dearest success that I can expect from this Book is the honour of making an offering of it to yourself, and reminding you of the attachment and profound respect with which I am,

MADAME,

Your most humble and most obedient Servant.

THE ADVENTURES OF ZELOIDE AND AMANZARIFDINE

PAGE

The Tale of Zeloide 2

The Tale of Mutalib 18

The Tale of Amanzarifdine 28

The Old Genie's Tale 48

The Tale of Prince Amadan 91

The Old Genie's Tale (Concluded) 96

Conclusion of the History and Adventures of Zeloide and Amanzarifdine 103

The Adventures of Zeloide and Amanzarifdine

ONCE upon a time, in a fertile and pleasant clime, and in one of the fairest regions of India, there reigned a King, powerful by reason of the extent and wealth of his domains, and of the protection of a Fairy, who made her habitation there: his Capital City was situated upon the sea-coast; a stranger named Amanzarifdine was cast ashore there in a tempest and came to seek an asylum. Scarcely had he reached the Port, when he beheld a tumultuous crowd of people. Some of these by their cries, others by a mournful silence gave indication of a keen grief.

Their King moved forward at a solemn pace, bedewing the ground with his tears; he was accompanied by the Queen, whose face showed similar marks of sorrow; she was supported by the Princess, their daughter; tears were pouring from her lovely eyes, over cheeks on which the fairest hues were blended. Insensibly a profound silence, spreading through the throng, marked the expectation of some

great event; Amanzarifdine approached them; his noble bearing, and his magnificent attire, albeit disarranged by the effect of his recent shipwreck, cleared a passage for him through the crowd; he was about to join them when there appeared in the sky two birds of vaſt dimensions which alighted upon the ground on either side of the Princess, and having enfolded her in a veil which they held in each of their talons, bore her from the sight of the onlookers. No one appeared to offer any resiſtance: but the transports of grief began afresh; and the King, having covered his eyes, let himself be conducted to his Palace by his Officers. The Queen, who was barely conscious, returned to her apartment, supported by her women. Amanzarifdine, in surprise at such a spectacle, followed them; he found everyone in the Palace in tears. At length he approached a Lady whom he saw to be alone, and asked her to tell him the reason of this event which had plunged the whole City in mourning; the Lady, knowing by his queſtion that he muſt be a ſtranger, ſtemmed her tears for a moment in order to satisfy his curiosity, and began as follows:

Tale of the Princess Zeloide

The Princess who has juſt been torn from our sight is the heir-presumptive to this mighty Crown. The might of Kings renders them all the more sensible to the reverses of fortune: this cruel fate has decreed that the King and Queen shall be deprived of the sight of their beloved daughter for a period of the extent

of which they are unaware; but I must first inform you of the cause of this painful separation.

At the birth of the Princess, the King, following the custom of his Ancestors, assembled in his Palace a Genie and two Fairies, all that were dwelling at the time in his Kingdom, to share in the festivities that were to be held, and to endow the Princess with the qualities which their art empowers them to dispense. One of the two Fairies, by name Zorimane, was strongly attached to the King's interests: she often appeared at his Court, whether to discuss with him some matter of importance to the State or merely attracted by all the marks of esteem that were paid her. She possessed all the graces of youth; an inexpressible charm that reigned in all her actions, added to her love of doing good, made her generally beloved. The other Fairy, like the Genie, was ugly, decrepit, uncouth in her manners. Each of them took a secret pleasure in making people unhappy, and this had become their grim habit. When the day came that had been appointed for the rejoicings, and for the ceremony of the Princess's horoscope, the festivities began with the sunrise, by games, contests of skill and strength; the Ladies were superbly attired, and had neglected nothing that could enhance their charm. Their Squires had spared no effort to win their favour; and the gallantry of the occasion afforded frequent pretexts for the secret triumphs of love. The afternoon was occupied with various pleasures. When night had fallen, the party moved into a brilliantly lighted hall, to which they were drawn by pleasant strains of

music: all the Ladies of the Court, seated in rows upon raised benches, offered a spectacle worthy to form the Court of Venus.

The tables were laid in readiness; the two Fairies and the Genie, who were placed close to the King's person, shared with him all the honours of the feast. The banquet at an end, the fairy Zorimane begged the King to allow her to contribute to the joy that was being celebrated upon the birth of the Princess. "You are aware," she said, addressing the assembly, "that my art makes me mistress not only of all the treasures that the earth contains, but also of all the other blessings that can procure the happiness of mortals, whether talents of the mind, or charms of person; I wish you to share in all these gifts; but it is only to the Gentlemen that I propose to dispense them; let each of them come and ask a favour of me, and I swear, upon my honour as a Fairy, that I shall grant it immediately."

At first all the Gentlemen began to discuss with one another what they ought to ask of the Fairy; and as it appeared that they were almost all of them desirous of the same thing, one of them began to speak in the name of the assembly.

"Potent Fairy," he said, "we are not unaware of the excellence of your art: you can at your pleasure raise a mortal to the pinnacle of greatness; shower riches upon him, give him power even over the Elements, and endow him with every grace of mind and body; but upon taking counsel together as to what we ought to ask of you, since you bid us, we have

felt that the charm with which you strike our eyes and hearts is more potent than all those which your art can create; and among all the advantages that we might derive from you, that of winning your favour has appeared to us the most precious and the most pleasing; deign, then, potent Fairy, in fulfilment of your promise, to honour one among us with your choice."

"I did not expect to find you so disinterested," replied the Fairy; "you ask of me only the most trifling gift that it is in my power to bestow; however, you make it impossible for me to fulfil my vow: I could not choose among so many and such accomplished persons; I am going to give you more than you ask; here is a philtre which has the virtue of keeping affection alive, you will be able with its aid to prevent the beauties whom you love from being unfaithful to you; but to ensure its effect you must add to it that winning assiduity and those delicate attentions which are the whole charm of a mutual affection"; with which she distributed among all the Gentlemen the contents of her precious philtre.

The old Genie, following her example, bade the Ladies come and ask him for favours, which he undertook to grant. Some asked for the secret of perpetual beauty; others to have amorous adventures which their husbands should never surprise or thwart: some wished to be able to combine the reputation of a virtuous woman with the most flighty conduct; one begged him to give her back her youth: another to give her health. Few asked him for wit, and not one of them chose wisdom.

The old Fairy also summoned the Gentlemen, and offered them the resources of her art. They came each of them in turn to confide their desires to her, but among all their demands she found nothing that could flatter her; each of them spoke to her only of himself; which filled her with an extreme jealousy of the Fairy Zorimane: for although she was advanced in years, and of a revolting appearance, she imagined herself more beautiful and adorable than the Graces.

The old Genie was similarly enraged; it vexed him that not one of the Ladies had made an assault upon his heart: he could be heard, like the old Fairy, murmuring and grumbling; each of them assumed a sombre and melancholy air which showed their disappointment, and which the King perceived. And albeit he had in no way contributed to the cause of their ill-humour, he knew their dangerous character; he trembled lest the Princess, his daughter, should feel the effects of it; and so he multiplied his attentions to them until their faces once more grew serene, and it was thought that they were appeased.

They withdrew to the Queen's apartment where the Princess lay in her cradle; the two Fairies and the Genie gathered round, and he began to speak: "I endow her," he said, gazing at the Princess, "with all the charms of beauty, but she will never marry until she has accorded A Thousand and One Favours to her intended spouse before Hymen's knot is tied, or else the instant of her marriage will be the last of her life." With these words he transformed himself into a Comet, and vanished.

The old Fairy then spoke: "I endow the Princess," she said, "with all the advantages of the mind; but all the wishes that she may form, until the age of sixteen, will be calamitous to her throughout the rest of her life. At these words there appeared in the room a Monster armed with fearful fangs and claws, the Fairy mounted upon his back and thus made her exit through the Palace.

The King and Queen remained plunged in a profound consternation. The Genie's prediction appalled them: the conditions which he had set upon the marriage of the Princess being an insuperable obstacle to it, the Crown must pass after their death into the hands of strangers. The old Fairy's horoscope was no less disturbing (for what is more abundant in wishes than a girl?): all her wishes were to prove calamitous to her; what a vista of misfortunes.

The Fairy Zorimane, to console them, promised that she would not abandon them. "The effect of these predictions," she added, "cannot be annulled by the force of my art, I can but mitigate it"; with this she took the Princess in her arms: "I endow thee," she said "with a calm and tranquil nature." She then informed the King and Queen of the manner in which they ought to provide for the upbringing of the Princess. "Accustom her early," she said, "not to wish for even the most trivial things; let every action in her life be, if possible, involuntary." So saying, she embraced them, and returned to one of her own Palaces.

When the Princess began to approach the age of

reason, I was chosen to be her Governess. Often would the Fairy appear in person to inſtruct me how I ought to treat her. At length, when she reached an age of complete underſtanding, the King informed her of her deſtiny, the Fairy took care to promise her a less alarming future, provided that she continued until the age of sixteen to behave as she had been taught; and, to fit her better to withſtand misadventures, the Fairy gave her a Ring which she wore always upon her finger, and which had this amazing property: When the Princess caſt her eye over the Gardens of the Palace, juſt as she began to find some pleasure in looking at them, in a trice they were changed into horrible deserts. Did she think of the beauties of a charming evening during the days of summer, all at once the moon turned pale, the ſtars faded away in the darkness, the air was filled with howling winds. And so with all the things that attracted her attention: and even when she glanced for a moment at her reflexion in the glass, she saw herself blessed with such sallow and so far from regular features, that vanity could find no gratification; and this was one of the hazards of her deſtiny to which she exposed herself least. And yet no one could be more attractive than she is; a pair of eyes whose every motion touches the heart; a bright complexion, the moſt scarlet lips in the world and the moſt richly pearled: an easy, regular figure; a natural and graceful port. But you have seen her—the Lady continued—and you muſt be aware that I am giving you but an imperfect portrait. To conclude, a few days since the Fairy came to warn

the King and Queen of to-day's separation. She promised them an outcome so favourable, that they resigned themselves to it at first with a sort of joy, which gave place to copious tears at the moment of the parting.

With this the Governess was silent, Amanzarifdine thanked her courteously, and left the Palace. The first road that he took led him over a vast plain of great extent. He was plunged in profound meditation; he recalled all the objects that he had just beheld, and all that he had just been told; the memory of Princess Zeloide did not leave him for an instant.

(How charming is beauty in tears! signs of grief upon a pretty face are often stronger weapons in Love's hand than mirthful laughter; the heart cannot at such times deny itself a pity which leads naturally to affection!) Amanzarifdine felt an emotion which seemed to him pleasant; the tale of the Princess's misfortunes reminded him of all the graces with which she was adorned, and these graces which had charmed him made him more sensible of her misfortunes.

These reflexions which were occupying his mind were interrupted by an object that presented itself to his gaze; 'twas a building on a magnificent though irregular plan. Fifteen pavilions, each one different from all the rest, formed a semicircle, surrounded by a wide moat, and above the entrance he could see these words engraved.

Come hither, fickle youth, for this
Is the abode of joy and bliss.

Amanzarifdine passed firſt of all through a spacious Court; he next entered a veſtibule in the form of a Dome which led him to the firſt of the fifteen pavilions: he found it inhabited by an infinite company of Ladies of the moſt flawless beauty, who received him with the moſt flattering welcome conceivable: tender glances, gracious words were not spared to win his fancy; he was offered a thousand sorts of amusement. Upon entering a room he found a table covered with the moſt exquisite dishes, to which they entertained him with the moſt courteous and seductive attentions. Some of them filled golden goblets with delicious wines; others blended their voices in ſtrains of the rareſt harmony, and by dances and other forms of play seemed to be coaxing him to feel for them the passions that they were expressing; but not all these efforts could have any effect upon his heart; the memory of Princess Zeloide was a thousand times more precious to him; he escaped from their solicitations and passed into the next pavilion.

Here he found yet other Ladies, differing in their beauty and attire from those that he had juſt left. These also sought to engage him by a thousand caresses, but he again contrived to reſiſt them: and although in each pavilion into which he passed, he found himself always surrounded by fresh Ladies, each set more beautiful than the laſt, who artfully lavished upon him the moſt engaging civilities, his heart remained insensible, and he reached the fourteenth pavilion with his conſtancy ſtill unshaken.

It was occupied by a single Lady, whose features

immediately struck him; they so closely resembled those of his beloved Zeloide that he could not deny himself the pleasure of her company. The Lady observed his joy and his emotion; for her part she shewed the most favourable disposition towards him; he let himself be seduced; and without inquiring whether she were Zeloide, surrendered himself altogether to the fancy which the Lady appeared to have for him. There were moments when he blamed himself for the engagement into which he was slipping: he was afraid that it might be an infidelity to his beloved Princess; but his mistake seemed to him a pleasing one, and he made no attempt to dispel his uncertainty until he had responded to the tender overtures that were made to him by the Lady.

When he learned that she was not Zeloide, all of a sudden grief took possession of his heart and became visible in his face; his ardour gave place to an extreme coldness, which the Lady perceived, and proceeded to reproach him with it. " Madame," he replied, " I must speak to you in all sincerity: were this inclination a voluntary impulse, you would be the person whom I should love best and longest in the world; but I am no longer the master of my own heart; a too-adorable Princess whom I have seen for a moment only, and may never see again, perhaps, in all my life, has made herself its sovereign, and I felt an inclination towards yourself only for so long as I was seduced by the resemblance that I had found between your features and hers. I see now that I am destined to love her always, since you do not make me unfaithful."

"I am touched by your fate," replied the Lady, "you can never again visit the pavilions through which you have come; for you would no longer find any way into them, and the direst of misfortunes is in store for you if you pass into that which comes after this; such are the laws here of the Genie who presides over hearts; a mortal who has entered this Palace is doomed to a cruel punishment, if he cannot fix his heart, or at least his abode in it." This warning made no impression upon him, he went into the next pavilion, whose walls parted suddenly as he entered it; he found himself at the gate of a City situated upon a plain, which extended in every direction out of sight. When he had recovered at length from the surprise that had been caused him by the rapidity of his transit, he made as though to enter the City, but, at the moment when he stooped to pass beneath a sheet that was hung across the gate, an invisible hand fastened the sheet about his neck, at the same time depriving him of vision, whereupon a formidable voice distinctly pronounced these words :

Freedom is not a crime : to enjoy it here
Breeds no regret nor melts one scalding tear ;
But Love's a tyrant that will swift destroy
All such as seek his favours to enjoy,
Unless by prudence first enjoined to obey
They kiss the rod, and own his sovran sway.

He was so concerned with the hood that was covering his eyes, that he did not hear this Oracle; he made an hundred efforts to tear off this fatal bandage; but realising the futility of his efforts, began to walk at

random into the City. He had taken but a few paces when he heard some one speaking close behind him, and addressed himself to the voice that he had heard: "Tell me," he said, "if possible, by what enchantment I find myself here deprived of my vision? What place is this which is wholly strange to me, and to which I find myself transported?" "Did you not hear," was the answer, "the Oracle that was uttered when you came into this City? Here it is that Love punishes the mortals who taste his pleasures without bearing his chains." "Without bearing his chains?" said Amanzarifdine, "and have I deserved punishment? I am in love with a charming Princess without so much as the hope of ever setting eyes on her again." "You love her," was the reply, "your affection for her has been plainly manifested in the Palace from which you have come; for I know what their ways are there: I have passed like yourself from that grim Palace into this accursed City, and everyone here undergoes the same fate. When sleep or any other need overpowers you, you have only to feel your way in the darkness; the whole City consists of galleries in which you will find everything that is required to prolong a life so deplorable as ours: a ray of hope, however, encourages us all, there is somewhere in this City an arrow suspended in the air, within reach of a man's hand; those among us who are so fortunate as to come upon it are instantly delivered from the fatal bandage, and transported to another place." Amanzarifdine thanked the blindfold inhabitant who had thus enlightened him, and vowed to himself that

he would go seeking this precious arrow until he had found it or death should put an end to his sufferings. He ſtrode ahead without knowing where his ſteps were leading him; until, after exerting himself for a considerable time in vain, he felt himself so fatigued that he was obliged to seek repose. He touched the wall of a gallery and felt his way along it until he came to an open door; as he entered he could hear the sound of a number of voices, and having found a couch that was not occupied, threw himself upon it: a moment later he was aware that somebody had lain down by his side, and said, "It is time to go to sleep." "How fortunate you are," he rejoined, "to be able to promise yourself some repose. As for me, the horrid veil that deprives me of vision leaves me not a moment of tranquillity: oh that it had pleased the cruel Genie who is wreaking his vengeance upon us that the inſtant in which I was deprived of the light of day had been the laſt of my life!" "It is easy to tell that you are a new-comer," said he that was lying by his side, "you are ſtill in the firſt throes of grief, but let time do its work; the prolongation of misery diminiſhes its force." "You offer me a conſolation that is highly tempting," said Amanzarifdine. "Here is another that is more ſoothing," replied the old inhabitant. "There is in the heart of this City an Obelisk, which has this aſtounding property: you have only to hold your brow againſt it for the space of a few moments, and so great a change will occur in you that the memory of the paſt will be entirely effaced from your mind, and you will also lose all idea of the future."

" No," said Amanzarifdine, " I do not choose to profit by your advice, albeit the memory of the past constitutes almost the whole horror of the state in which I now find myself; yet I could not bear to forego it. What, could I forget that charming Princess, whom I saw carried off from her father's arms, and whose tears were so touching and so tender? I hope to discover that precious arrow which can rescue me from this fatal spot, only that I may seek the whole world over for the adorable Zeloide; but I shall never see again that object which is so dear to me. The cruel veil that covers my eyes robs me for ever of the happiness of beholding hers." " Do not succumb so to your situation," said the old inhabitant; instead of abandoning yourself to a useless despair, try rather to preserve your strength and spirits in order to seek every day for that liberating arrow; it is not beyond discovery; not a moment passes but one of us is delivered by its aid; but as new-comers arrive with no less frequency, the City is never any the emptier."

The old inhabitant's speech had given him a ray of hope which diminished the intensity of his grief. " How unjust," he said, " is the fashion in which we are punished here by the Genie who rules over our hearts: he makes it a crime in us to have tasted his pleasures, without having borne his chains; for these are the terms of the Oracle that is spoken to us as we enter this fatal spot: this reproach is without foundation, we must love in order to know the pleasures that love gives us: and with a beauty who leaves us indifferent, we find nothing that can be termed pleasure."

"How greatly you are mistaken," replied the old inhabitant, "it is only a person who loves us, and who leaves us indifferent, that can offer us true pleasures, since they are in no way tainted by jealousy, by the fears of absence, or by absence itself, in short by a hundred vexations that are born of a mutual love." "Ah," said Amanzarifdine, "these vexations which you suppose to be so alien to pleasures, serve only to render them more keen: absence costs us cruel sufferings, 'tis true; we pass but sad moments when parted from an object that is dear to us, but also what joy, what delightful transports follow those sad moments when we find ourselves once again with the beloved. Are we tormented by the stirrings of jealousy; we suffer infinitely, without doubt; we no longer find any repose, we lose our taste for things that once amused us: we come to hate our very selves; but what pleasure do we not feel, when these suspicions that were tyrannising over us, prove to have no foundation; and our beloved is seen to be still true to us. Have we lived for some days beneath the sad constraint of feigning coldness towards her whom we love, in order to deceive the jealous eyes of a husband or a mother; what joys do we not taste when we snatch an instant in which we are unobserved save by the tender passion: then those sentiments which we have held in check for a time prove to have become all the stronger and more sincere. How greatly does jealousy increase our sense of the happiness of being loved, how far more amorous and ardent are we made by constraint. I shall leave you," he added, "I no

longer feel any weariness, and I am going to seek for that precious gage of our liberty ": with this he left the gallery and walked about the City until nightfall without stopping. Everything that he touched for a moment was that longed-for arrow, and everything that he examined was not.

The night was already far advanced when, feeling himself overpowered by sleep, he entered the first gallery that his hand touched; he found there two Companions in misfortune, and addressing one of them who continued at every moment to heave profound sighs, he begged him to recount his adventures; the other occupant joined his entreaties to those of Amanzarifdine: " Mutalib," he said, " yield to our curiosity." He consented, and began as follows.

THE TALE OF MUTALIB

I AM the son of an inhabitant of Surat; my father having sent me travelling in my early youth, I was a little upwards of twenty years old when I landed upon an Island situated in the neighbourhood of the Persian Gulf. It is the most charming spot in the world, owing to the temperature of the climate and the engaging ways of the inhabitants. They have contrived to bring the proprieties into harmony with that pleasant freedom which is the charm of society. The women there show a great fondness for pleasure: in their tenderest infancy *love* is the first word that they are taught to utter, and whenever they reach the age at which the passions reign, love is the first impulse that their hearts feel; they are not generally beautiful, but they have almost all those seductive charms which wield such a sway over our hearts, and without which beauty itself has scarcely any power. To be truly accomplished, they need only to be a little less fickle, for their hearts, which are easily attracted, are never attracted for long by the same object; that this fickleness is due almost always to the education which the mothers give their daughters, you will be convinced by the tale of my adventures upon this Island.

As soon as I landed, I set myself to study the character and habits of the persons of this nation: I

remarked that there were fashions even in faces; at times large eyes widely opened were esteemed the most beautiful: the taste changed, you were obliged either to contract them, or to resign yourself to being out of the fashion. Men were subjected to this variation both in faces and in dress. A cultivated mind, a nice discernment, a good character were not among the qualities with which they sought to please the fair sex. They had reduced the talents and virtues of society to other objects. A man must, to be considered agreeable, have acquired a certain jargon which was in use; be wanting often enough in deference to the Ladies, be acquainted with the little incidents which love provoked among them, and divulge them, take part in the pastimes and amusements which they made their occupation; and above all be lavish in his expenditure, this was the truly meritorious accomplishment.

These Ladies, each in her different circle, used to assemble almost every evening to sacrifice to the Genie that presides over their festivities. The Gentlemen, to be admitted to these sacrifices, had to be of an extremely sportive humour; must chant hymns in honour of this Genie, and of the tender passion. The Ladies related the gallant adventures of their female friends, and narrated events of this sort all the better in that almost any of them need only speak from her own experience to draw a convincing portrait.

One day when I was present at one of these sacrifices, I found myself placed next to a young person named Lisoine; she possessed all the graces of youth, although her facial features were not at all attractive;

her mother, while carrying her, had seen in a dream Boreas, one of those Genies who reign in the air, who had left with her so vivid an impression of himself that Lisoine, when she came into the world, resembled him exactly.

She had a pretty wit, and a lively and graceful imagination. She imparted to the most trivial things that she said a certain charm which one so rarely finds in them: I was pressed to sound a few notes in honour of the Genie. I sang of the joy and the pleasures that he made to reign, and of the beauty of the Ladies of the company. I did not forget to extol Lisoine for her wit and youth. She appeared grateful for my homage, and bade me be present every evening at these same sacrifices. She herself attended them regularly; she paid me attentions sufficiently marked for the company to notice them: for my part, I did not spare my hymns in honour of the Genie, in which I always included a few compliments to herself, and it was on the strength of these songs that she supposed that I loved her, and confessed to me that she felt a distinctly tender regard for myself.

Her heart was infinitely sensible, she told me, always the same, and always absorbed in the beloved object; this sort of affection was rare upon this Island. I wished to learn whether Lisoine was capable of it, and kept a careful watch upon all her actions.

I discovered after some days that at one of these sacrifices, at which I had not been able to be present, she had been as brilliant as ever, and that she had several times directed tender regards at a young inhabitant of

the Island, who was a youth of very personable appearance. That she had even reproached him with his indifference to the attentions that she was paying him: I felt such conduct to be a grave contradiction of that delicacy of sentiments on which she had prided herself; and as the greatest charm that she had for me was the idea that she had given me her heart, which was skilled to perfection in loving, as soon as I learned that it was akin to the hearts of the other Ladies of the Island, then, if I must meet with fickleness, I preferred to find it in the heart of a more attractive person. I went for some days without seeing Lisoine; she reproached me for this very tenderly, and swore to me, to clear herself of any grounds that I might have for complaint, that for the future her conduct would be so steady and so sincere that I should find in her everything that can gratify the most delicate of lovers.

And, indeed, for some time she appeared to be taken up solely with myself: she wrote me passionate letters every day; sought eagerly for opportunities of seeing me, and I should have believed that she loved me in good faith, had not circumstances made me aware that one could succeed in attracting her without being loved by her.

There is a period in the year when a certain Genie takes possession of the people of the Island. They succumb to a sort of intoxication which makes them different from themselves; they run about to the sound of many instruments; often they meet without recognising one another, or recognise one another without meeting: I caught sight of Lisoine, whom I had not

expected to see there. She was talking in a mysterious fashion to a young man, who was by her side. I approached them unseen; he was making her the most tender speeches, and at times kissed her hand which she allowed him to hold in his own. And, finally, before parting, they promised to meet again on the morrow.

I disclosed myself to Lisoine. "Do not be alarmed," I said to her, "I am charmed to have become your confidant, I have heard your conversation, and do not intend to make you any reproach; I no longer claim your heart, since it is incapable of those sentiments and that delicacy which your speech and your letters to me have so often vaunted."

"How unjust you are," she replied. "You accuse me of inconstancy at the moment when I am most occupied with yourself: that young man whom you saw with me is Arsene; I know that he is your friend, and as I did not expect to see you here, I was charmed to find some one who could talk to me about you. Those tender speeches that you heard were the sentiments which Arsene told me that you felt for me: for he has observed our friendship; you would have no cause to complain of me did I not love you so tenderly, for then Arsene's conversation would not have attracted my attention, and your delicacy would not have been wounded: so beg my pardon, pray, for your injustice."

"You make me ashamed," I told her, "of having suspected you so lightly, but at least it is for the last time in my life; for I know now how far I can rely upon your heart."

With this we parted, and from that moment, seeing how skilled Lisoine was in make-believe, I gave no more thought to her heart, and formed another connexion. I saw her nevertheless at times: the qualities of mind which I found in her made amends for the absence of those that her heart lacked. In short, after a time we came to a perfect understanding: I sent back her letters, informing her that my heart no longer prompted any feeling towards her; she gave me to understand that hers was in a similar case; and in short without reproach or bitterness, we ceased to have any commerce together.

But Lisoine was too clever not to derive some profit from our breach; so that her mother might not discover its cause, and deprive her thenceforward of facilities for receiving her lovers at home. "You are surprised, perhaps," she said to her one day, "not to see Mutalib here any more; he is pleasant enough company, I will go so far as to admit that he amused me greatly for some time; he claimed to be in love with me, and told me so in the politest terms, but when I saw that he claimed also that I should love him, I begged him to abate his pretensions and to make his visits less frequent."

Lisoine's mother, who was an excellent woman, let herself be hoodwinked completely. This ingenuous avowal made her discover in her daughter a rigidity of virtue that was charming; when I found myself in her company, she treated me with an ironical air, which at once enlightened me as to the fashion in which her daughter had imposed upon her; had I been still

in love with Lisoine, perhaps, to avenge myself, I might have sent some of her letters to the members of her family and to her mother even, but my heart was not at all wounded, and when one is not in love it is quite easy to be reasonable.

After this, I continued on my travels, and having finally arrived in the Palace of the Pavilions, I there experienced the adventures which brought me like yourselves to this fatal City. A Genie who is my protector gave me to hope that I should soon be delivered; but I long for that instant with an impatience that increases as it approaches, and in spite of myself yield to regrets and sighs when the sleep that overpowers me prevents me from seeking that arrow which is to deliver me.

With these words, Mutalib and Amanzarifdine sank down upon their couch, and fell asleep.

Amanzarifdine awoke early, and having heard a noise, judged that everything was already stirring in the City; he rose to take the air, as he had done the day before. He had scarcely gone a few yards when he felt himself struck with violence upon the brow; he put out his hand to find what it was that had touched him: it was, fortunately, the liberating arrow. No sooner had he clasped it than he found himself in a Palace, where art had expended all its sublimest efforts; his bandage no longed veiled his eyes: what transports of joy did he feel! He had escaped from the dreadfullest situation in the world. His first impulse was to escape from this Palace: he was afraid of finding there fresh grounds for offence to love; curiosity,

however, prevailed; he passed first of all beneath a Colonnade which supported four Domes magnificently decorated, he next entered a saloon, in which a quantity of lustres imitated to perfection the light of the day. A Theatre of vast extent, painted by the hands of the Fairies, was filled with a number of Actors who were declaiming; two Ladies seated upon a sofa formed the entire audience; at the moment when Amanzarifdine approached, one of the Actresses who represented Dido flung herself at the feet of Aeneas, and said to him:

All's over, then; despite thy pledgèd word,
Thou'lt leave my tears undried, my prayers unheard;
Expiring Dido sees with anguish'd heart
Her fortune vanish and her love depart.
Wretch, who to leave me for an alien land
Dost—but in vain—allege the Gods' command:
Think not to trick me by a vain pretence,
To the just Gods such falsehood gives offence;
And were it true that to some distant shore
They'd bade thee turn the prow and point the oar,
Thou'dst never lingered on this cursed strand
But straightway disobeyed their stern command.
And whoso once unpunished their decrees
Neglects, can sin again with greater ease.
But 'tis not fear of Heaven that prompts thy will,
Deaf to their bidding, didst thou love me still,
So far from deeming such neglect a crime,
Thy heart would vaunt an insolence sublime.
Whene'er the human heart by love is charmed,
Nought matters, if the loved one stays unharmed;
All else is sacrificed at courtship's throne,
And, of the Gods, we cherish love alone.
Fate promises thee infinite renown,
Thy brow shall bear the weight of many a crown;

But, to attain these dignities supreme,
What must the price be, what the pains—dost dream?
Could but thy heart, by gratitude inspired,
Remain with mine by mutual ardour fired,
Thou'ldst find here, in this realm, which love makes thine,
A gift surpassing promises divine.
Must I recall, thy frozen heart to melt,
Those mutual transports we together felt?
Must I recall thy sighs, thy solemn vows,
In secret, sacred chambers of my house?
Lovers are fickle, and, to make them stay,
'Tis useless to recall a happier day;
Thinking to make them kneel in penitence,
We arm them with fresh weapons of offence.
Canst thou so easily forget that day
When but to see thee was to feel thy sway?
When my fond heart, too prompt to catch the flame
Heard love command me, when I heard thy name?

At this, the Actors withdrew in confusion, others appeared who formed dances and pageants without order or sequence. Finally the Theatre was destroyed: there remained only a cluster of confused objects. One of the two Ladies then caught sight of Amanzarifdine: "Approach," she said to him, "and tell us how you found your way into this Palace?" "I should first," he said, "have to relate to you a number of extraordinary events which preceded the moment at which I found myself in your presence." "That will amuse us," the Lady said to him; "tell us of your adventures." "I shall obey you," he replied. The nature of the spectacle that was amusing you just now should reassure me, and since you have a liking for diversity, perhaps the history of my life will merit your

attention." "A liking for diversity!" said the younger Lady, who hitherto had taken no part in the conversation. "Seek, I beg of you, another pretext for your confidence; all these whimsically diversified objects which you have just seen are not at all to my liking, nor, I believe, do they appeal to Madame, who is kind enough to share a fate which I must undergo against my will. How happy are the persons who always find the same amusements, when they have been able to choose them for themselves." "Yes, provided," the other Lady interposed, "that one is at liberty to make more than a single choice: for if we had to abide, all our lives, by our first choice, it would soon become tedious, and perhaps insupportable."

"Permit me to be of a different opinion," replied Amanzarifdine. "I believe that it would be more pleasant to bind ourselves by our first decision in all the amusements of life; we should be spared fresh disappointments: for, as the idea of a thing always extends farther than the thing itself, and we find less than we had promised ourselves, there arises a certain contempt for the thing desired which speedily disgusts us with it: but let us, in spite of this, continue to devote ourselves to it, and this disgust gives place to a positive attachment: the familiar takes possession of mind and heart, and diversity merely amuses them." "And postpones, too," the Lady added, "the story that you were going to tell us when the conversation took this turn." At this, he yielded to their impatience, and began as follows.

THE TALE OF AMANZARIFDINE

I AM the son of Amanzarifdine, one of the Kings of Asia, my mother is daughter to the Caliph of Babylon. At the moment of my birth, my Father, following the custom of his Ancestors, had my horoscope drawn: I was threatened with an infinite number of misfortunes throughout the whole course of my life, if, when first I fell in love, reason did not justify my passion; this forecast greatly distressed my father, for reason and love (according to all the wise men of the Realm) are opposites; at best they know one another by repute, but never dwell together; the only measure that appeared to be feasible was to prevent me from falling in love, if possible, until I should be capable of some slight degree of intelligence. My Father having consulted the most experienced persons of his Court, a Fairy advised him, so as to prevent me from having any fondness for women, to bring me up among them until the age of eighteen without letting me know that I was of a different sex, while in the meantime she would consult her art as to my destiny. My Father felt that he ought not to disregard the counsels of so potent a Fairy; and although he was not conscious of all their advantages, he resolved to follow them. There was a City hard by the Capital of my Father's States, a part of which was inhabited

by women only, almoſt all of them greatly advanced in years, and unlikely by their appearance to cauſe the misfortunes to which I was deſtined. It was to this place that I was conveyed as ſoon as I was capable of reaſon; they took great care to conceal my origin from me. One of the women gave me daily leſſons in deportment, and ſpared no pains to inſpire in me that ſupreme ſelf-control which places us above the paſſions.

I lived in this faſhion until I was ſixteen years old. One day when I was ſtill aſleep, one of the women who looked after me came into my room; ſhe ſat down upon my bed, and, embracing me again and again, awoke me. "What do you want of me?" I ſaid to her. "Why diſturb my ſleep?" "Do not complain," ſhe replied, "for a long time paſt you have been troubling mine. But I ſeek to avenge myſelf for all that you coſt me, only by converting you from your ignorance of what you are; and giving you leſſons for which you will be grateful all your life long." In ſhort, ſhe told me everything that had been deliberately kept ſecret from me, ſhe enlightened me as to my origin, and told me that the King, my father, often came to their habitation where without my knowledge he would ſpend days on end watching me among the women and liſtening to my voice. "It is," ſhe went on, "an impulſe named love that has forced me to reveal to you ſecrets that ought to have been kept from you; your heart alone can offer me a reward which I can value."

I promiſed her everything that ſhe wiſhed; but the news that ſhe had juſt given me rendered my

retreat so insupportable that I was not long in making my escape from it.

I repaired to my Father's Court; I had no doubt of his speedily recognising me, the Fairy having told me that often without my knowledge he had come to see me. I was still attired in the garments of those women from whom I was fleeing: and as they were entirely different from those worn by other Ladies I attracted the attention of everybody that I met. I found myself at length on the bank of a river that flows through the capital City of my Father's States; he was taking the air with the Queen, my mother, accompanied by his whole Court. As soon as he saw me he recognised the dress of those old Fairies to whom he had entrusted me; and supposing me to be one of them who was coming to him with news of me, bade me approach. The moment I came close to him, recognising his son's features, he could not restrain his tears, and held me in a long embrace; my Mother recognised me by these marks of affection; she clasped me a thousand times in her arms, her tears were added to my Father's, which my own had already anticipated: after these first moments of emotion, the King, having taken me to his Palace, asked me how I had managed to find my way to him: I told him of the obligations that I had incurred to the old Fairy. "May I conclude," I added, "from the kindness that you deign to show me, that it is by your orders that I have been brought up in so obscure a fashion?" "Ah, my son," the King replied, "what did it not cost me to part with you, why have I never been able to find any remedy for the

evils that threaten you? You are destined to the most cruel sufferings, if your heart lets itself be drawn into love; I believed that the asylum to which I sent you might prevent you from knowing it, and I preferred that the early days of your life should be passed in obscurity rather than to see you unhappy later on." "Up to the present," I replied, "I can assure you that my heart has never announced to me the miseries that it is destined to cost me; the old Fairy who restored me to myself offers me no memory that gives me any cause for fear, and it seems to me, the more I consult myself, that my heart can never be filled by anything but the simple affection which attaches me to your person."

On hearing these words my Father embraced me, and having provided me with clothing suited to my sex and rank, began to give me daily instructions in the principles by which a reasonable man should live.

I appeared to be following these lessons with zeal, but my Father, who considered that the character of a man of the age at which I still was, could not be either stable or solid, was afraid lest some one of the Ladies of his Court might inspire in me that passion which was to prove fatal to me. "My son," he said to me one day, "I find in you such dispositions as I could wish; but age must confirm them: residence here might destroy them: you must leave me; go, my son, travel through every clime that lies near to the shores of the Mediterranean; wander without fixing your abode until you come to a riper age; and if you find at length some region where men are born with a

distaſte for the captivity to which the Ladies subject us, remain there, and return to govern, with an unassailable heart, the States which I shall pass on to you."

He escorted me to the Vessel which he had made ready, and, having consigned me to the tutelage of one of his Courtiers, embraced me, and allowed me to go.

The firſt days of our voyage passed pleasantly enough, but one morning we were attacked by two Corsairs: the combat was bloody, and in spite of the disparity of numbers I was so ably supported by the persons of my train, that we captured one of the two Corsairs, and the other was obliged to make off.

This success was followed by a disaſtrous event. We were surprised by a tempeſt which shattered the maſts and rigging of our Vessel. At length after we had drifted for two days at the mercy of the waves, a gale of wind drove us upon a rock upon which we foundered. I was the only one to escape from this shipwreck; perhaps because I had retained some presence of mind. This rock upon which our Vessel broke was but little detached from the mainland, and I had no difficulty in gaining the shore, from which after walking for some time I made my way to a great City.

Then he told the two Ladies how he had found himself in that Square where he had witnessed the abduction of Princess Zeloide; he also gave them a slight sketch of his adventures in the Palace of the Pavilions. He did not omit the wretched sojourn he had made in that accursed City, from which he had escaped by the

aid of that liberating arrow which brought him to the Palace in which he now was.

Throughout the recital of his adventures, his gaze was often fastened upon the younger of the two Ladies, in whom he recognised the Princess Zeloide, and in the passages where he referred to her, he used language which revealed all that she had made him feel during the sole instant in which he had beheld her. The Princess listened to him with emotion, but also with pleasure. As soon as he had completed his narrative, the Lady who was with the Princess rose, and having given her hand to Prince Amanzarifdine, accompanied him out of the apartment.

This sudden withdrawal surprised Zeloide, who was beginning to be not indifferent to the Prince's presence; she reflected with pleasure upon the proofs that he had just given her of the tender impressions that he had received on the day of her abduction; she congratulated herself upon the sacrifices that he had made in the Palace of the Pavilions; these reflexions were occupying her mind when the Fairy rejoined her; she asked the Fairy why she had so abruptly removed the Prince whose history they had just learned. "It was," said the Fairy, "the pleasure that you showed in listening to him that obliged me to take him from you. You have come to a time when you must beware more than ever of the calamities that are attached to all your wishes." "What calamity," replied the Princess, "can be greater than that of never doing what I wish; besides, why does the Prince share the constraint under which I am placed? You have

banished him." "I have every right to be jealous," said the Fairy; "you are here the sole object of my care and attention, and so far from showing a similar regard for myself, the first idea that occurs to you occupies your mind and shatters your resolution." "No, my kind Fairy," the Princess replied, taking her in her arms, "my heart is never occupied save by the memory of all that I owe to your friendship."

"I shall be obliged to leave you for a time," the Fairy told her; "since the day of your abduction when I brought you to this Palace, the King your Father has been left in ignorance of your fate; it is time that I go to inform him: I have arranged to bring to this place the Lady who brought you up, to keep you company in my absence. Farewell. Remember always that the happiness of the rest of your life depends upon the state of indifference in which your heart and mind must incessantly remain; check your inclinations, even towards the most trivial things; above all, think no more of Prince Amanzarifdine; you were looking at him just now with a sort of interest which would be fatal were it to have any sequel: forget him so completely, that you will barely notice him and will avoid him without hesitation should he present himself before you. Of what advantage to you would be a fancy for a Prince who can never be your husband; for you know the conditions that the Genie who drew your horoscope has attached to your marriage."

The Governess now appeared and the Fairy after embracing the Princess left them together, and took her departure.

As soon as the Princess found herself at liberty, she became lost in profound meditations; the memory of the Prince never left her thoughts for an instant; she sought to distract herself from it in order to comply with the Fairy's counsels, but her heart would not consent. At times even she hoped that Amanzarifdine was still in the Palace and might appear in her presence. In short, what with the conflict of her fears and hopes she became daily more gloomy and ill at ease.

The Governess observed this condition, and sought to discover its cause: "The Fairy's departure has quite altered your spirits," she said to her one day; "since she left you, you have always been sad and dreamy; the absence of such a friend as herself does indeed (it is true) justify a certain feeling, but it does not demand a melancholy as profound and continual as is tormenting you." "How happy should I be," replied the Princess, "if I were agitated only by the grief that I must feel at the absence of a generous Fairy to whom I owe everything; I should not fight against so legitimate an impulse, it is another that is occupying me in spite of myself, and one that increases the more I seek to resist it: the Fairy has bidden me shun Prince Amanzarifdine and forget him; this advice has produced quite the opposite effect in my heart. The day when he told us his adventures, I remarked in his person and in his speech a charm which I cannot explain, and which makes him ever present in my memory. I flee from that image, and find it again at the moment when I imagine that I have effaced it." "What," replied the Governess, "the

fear of the calamities that the Fairy told you to expect if your heart were to occupy itself with Prince Amanzarifdine, should not that be sufficient to make you indifferent towards him? And ever since you learned that all your desires must be fatal to you, ought you not to have accustomed yourself to a complete indifference towards everything in life?"

"Alas," the Princess replied, "and does reason govern our hearts? It can merely reveal to them the inclinations that they ought to follow; but it has not the strength to guide them: besides, if it is only my wishes that are to prove fatal to me, why should fate make a crime of my affection? Is love a deliberate impulse? Is it not a powerful controlling force that carries us away against our will? It is my destiny that forces me to love, ought it to punish me for the efforts that it is costing me? And if wisdom consists in struggling against that power which determines the events of our life, does it rest with ourselves to practise it? Do not, then, remind me any further of counsels which I am powerless to follow. You will not in any way diminish my inclinations, and you will merely add to my difficulties." "I shall not oppose you again," replied the Governess, "I am going, on the contrary, to try to soothe your unrest."

So saying, she left the Princess, and judging from what the Fairy had said to her ward, that she must flee from the Prince if he presented himself before her, that he might still be in the Palace, she sought him high and low, and having at length come upon him, conversed with him, and received from him the following letter which she conveyed to the Princess.

Letter from Amanzarifdine to Princess Zeloide.

The Fairy, in permitting me to remain in this Palace, has forbidden me to see you for an inſtant, and has made me reſpect this order by letting me know the calamities that you would incur, were I to enjoy your society; whatever my idea of the happiness of being in your company, I shall have the ſtrength to deprive myself of it since it muſt be fatal to yourself; it is also the sole obſtacle that could arreſt me, and I have nothing with which to relieve the sad conſtraint under which I find myself, but the knowledge that you will deign to have pity upon me.

The Princess, when she read this note, felt an emotion which she was powerless to control. "So the Prince is here in this Palace," she said to the Governess. "Yes, Madame," the other replied, "I found him in the Fairy's apartment; he came up to me at once, and after giving me this letter with a trembling hand: 'Deign,' he said to me, 'to give this to the Princess, and to let me know without delay how she would dispose of my fate'; I left him immediately without telling him of the impression that he has made upon you." "So you have not said anything to him about me," replied the Princess. "Very well, he shall remain in ignorance of my sentiments; take him back his letter, and tell him that I have not read it." With this she would have handed it back to the Governess; but an impulse ſtronger than herself overcame her; and after fighting within herself for some time, she

wrote these words, and bade the Governess convey them to Prince Amanzarifdine.

The Fairy has bidden me forget you, and to bind me to this, has warned me of endless calamities should I occupy myself for one moment with yourself. I have done everything in my power to obey her; judge by the ſtep that I am now taking whether my heart has been successful.

The Governess went in search of the Prince, and Zeloide, finding herself alone, abandoned herself entirely to the joy that she felt in knowing that she was loved. She read over again more than once the fresh proofs of affection that she had juſt received. She reproached herself at times, however, with having let the Prince know of the liking that she felt for him; and at other moments felt that the note she had written him did not say enough, feared that he would not detect in it the progress that he had made over her heart, and might seek to conquer the affection that he had for her.

To these agitations was added her impatience for the return of the Governess; she was longing to know how the Prince had taken her letter: what emotion had then appeared upon his face; all that he had thought while he read it: how many times he had read it afresh. She formed in anticipation the image of a report, every detail of which was precious to her; and her anxiety grew intense when she saw that almoſt the whole day had gone by without the Governess bringing her a reply. She found fault with her for her negligence; sometimes she accused the Prince, and at other times herself for condemning him so lightly. At

length the Governess arrived. " How long you have been," she said to her; " you may imagine my impatience." " I delivered your letter," said the Governess, " and the Prince withdrew to read it; I waited for some time, and not seeing him appear, went down to the Gardens, where I have been ſtrolling ever since."

Zeloide was vexed at firſt that Amanzarifdine had not written to her in reply, but she soon found in her heart a thousand reasons in his excuse; and on the following day sent the Governess to him again, convinced that he himself was awaiting her coming with impatience: but when she returned, the Princess learned with extreme dismay that she had failed to find the Prince anywhere, although she had sought for him throughout the Palace; she did not know what to make of this absence, and her anxiety became far more keen when several days passed without her receiving any news of him. She sank into an extreme melancholy.

" I am deeply touched by your ſtate," the Governess said to her one day. " You are giving way to regrets of which, I fear, the Prince is unworthy; had he really loved you he would not have removed from this Palace. I ought, indeed, to tell you that I remarked when I gave him your letter, that he by no means showed that keen excitement so natural in a lover receiving so great a favour from her whom he loves." This speech thoroughly enraged the Princess; she withdrew to her own apartment, where, after imagining everything that might give her reason to complain of the Prince, she made up her mind to go in search of

him throughout the Palace. Her anger made her quite oblivious of the counsels that the Fairy had given her; she passed through all the apartments and at length came upon Amanzarifdine.

"Why do I no longer have any news of you?" she said. "Have you thought of the insult that you are offering me, when you disavow by your neglect the sentiments that you revealed to me?" The Prince made no response save by the troubled look in his eyes; he affected indeed to be none too well pleased to see her.

"Ah, what am I to conclude from this coldness?" said the Princess. "The day when you recounted your adventures and mine, I remarked only too plainly that you recognised in me that unfortunate girl whom you had seen carried off from her father's arms; you appeared to sympathise with my sad lot with an emotion stronger than pity; afterwards, you appeared to confirm, by the letter that you wrote me, the fondness that I supposed you to feel for me; but alas, I have been greatly mistaken! Since I let you know the place that you held in my heart, I have received from you nothing but marks of forgetfulness and indifference. You know to what calamities I am destined if I gratify a single one of my wishes: up to the present I have managed to control myself, but you have made me forget my fear of all those disasters! And albeit at this instant you do not appear at all sensible of the penalties to which I expose myself by yielding to the inclination that has brought me to you, perhaps my heart forgives you for them."

"Ah, cruel Princess," replied Amanzarifdine, "wherefore do you force me to break silence? I cannot hold out against your reproaches. It is I that have reason to complain of you. Since that dear letter, in which you let me know that my affection does not leave you indifferent, I have received no tokens of your interest in me. Your Governess, who has come to see me every day, has told me a hundred times that at length the Fairy's counsels had prevailed over your heart; that you were absolutely determined to forget me; and had even succeeded in doing so." "Ah, the perfidious creature was betraying us both," replied the Princess; "but how glad I am that she deceived me, since she has persuaded me that you never loved me at all." "If you only knew," said the Prince, "all that I suffered when I thought that you had banished me from your heart, that you found me worthy of your affection; but how the marks of it that I now receive alarm me by making me happy; you know not what fate is in store for us.

"The day on which I told you the story of my life, and the Fairy, taking me from you, brought me to this apartment: I observed, she said to me, that the Princess regards you with affection; she has only a few days more to live under the constraint that is now placed upon her, so take care not to see her, nor to speak to her, even though she should come to you in this apartment; for your display of indifference to her will avert the disaster to which she would expose herself by yielding to the inclination that I know her to feel for you: failing such conduct you would be

condemned perhaps never to see one another again. Ah, my Princess," Amanzarifdine continued, "how pitiable should I be were I obliged to undergo such a calamity; and how I have reproached myself for the pleasure of receiving your letter and of writing to you, since it may have so lamentable an outcome."

The entry of the Fairy into the apartment interrupted this conversation: "How you defeat your own interests," she said to the Princess. "I find you with Amanzarifdine, after I have informed you of all the reasons that should keep you out of his company. To-morrow you enter upon your sixteenth year: to-morrow you might see him without peril: how I pity you! You will have to expiate in suffering the pleasure of having yielded to your inclination. Farewell, depart from this Palace; your misfortunes will have an end, but you have not yet reached their term: above all, avoid everything that may attract you, and devote yourself only to such things as fill you with repugnance; go, my dear Zeloide, do not waste one moment, the time that you lose is added to the burden of your destiny."

"Ah, what is this that you tell me?" replied the Princess. "Why must I leave you? Why remove from the Prince? For I cannot conceal from you that he is infinitely dear to me. Alas, what misfortunes greater than those that I am now suffering are left me to fear? Is there a fate more dreadful than that of parting with a lover?"

"It is yourself, Princess," replied the Fairy, "who

are making yourself more unhappy; ought you to form so startling an image of the short space of time in which you must be separated from your lover; it is in order to prevent an eternal separation that I recommend you to retire for a time. Is it not a very great piece of good fortune to escape by a short absence from being for ever deprived of the sight of an object that is dear to you? Ah, generous Fairy," exclaimed the Princess, " I know nothing now of such a distinction; I feel only that I am going to leave all that I love."

The Prince threw himself at the feet of the Fairy, whom he embraced a hundred times. He could not address her save by his tears; for he was so greatly overcome that he had lost all power of speech.

" Your regrets," the Fairy told him, " can in no way alter the Princess's lot. No, mortals cannot satisfy vicariously the decrees of fate.

Thereupon she embraced the Princess, whose eyes were filled with tears, and who set off immediately, barely venturing to bestow a glance upon her dear Amanzarifdine who was plunged in the cruellest despair.

The Princess, completely overcome, proceeded farther and farther from the Palace of her Fairy guardian; she walked for a long way without any definite goal and without noticing where she was going. Already the daylight was beginning to fade, when she saw close at hand a spectacle that made her turn pale: this was a Genie of enormous stature attacking a young man whom the Princess recognised as her lover;

armed with a trenchant blade, he was about to take the young man's life. The Princess, without pausing to reflect, ran towards the Genie to stay his hand, but when she had almost reached him, these two objects were changed into a light vapour which immediately melted away, and she heard the Fairy's voice uttering these words.

Check thy desires; against thy fate
Strive ever more and more;
Else by surrender thou'lt create
Fresh miseries in store.

"Generous Fairy," exclaimed the Princess, "could I follow this counsel in the situation in which I found myself just now? Can one behold the person whom one loves in evident danger without seeking to rescue him? Even although what I saw was but the phantom of my dear Amanzarifdine, was not that, alas, more than enough already to alarm me?" So saying, she let flow a torrent of tears capable of softening the hardest heart.

Day had given place altogether to night, when she saw close at hand two towers; one was well lighted and seemed to have been built by the Graces, the other presented a gloomy exterior; it was barely lighted by a pale glimmer; she could not behold it without horror. She chose it nevertheless as a refuge in which to wait for daybreak, and having entered it, found it a little less melancholy that it had appeared. She sat down and succumbed at length to sleep.

She did not enjoy a long repose, her eyes were open before the break of dawn, and as soon as she saw

light in the sky she set forth again upon her aimless course.

She had not gone very far when she perceived at the end of an avenue which she had followed, a Palace the walls of which, being of a transparent substance, allowed her to see everything that occurred inside. She perceived an altar superbly decorated, standing by which was the Genie who presides over our hearts; it seemed to her that this potent Genie was beckoning to her to approach, indicating to her with one hand the King her father and the Prince her lover, and with the other a Crown. The Princess, too ready to persuade herself of the truth of what she passionately desired, thought at first that the Genie was announcing to her the termination of her calamities. She ran, or rather flew to the Altar; but at the moment when she touched her father and her Lover, the whole edifice vanished, and she found herself in a vast desert; whereupon the same voice that she had already heard reminded her once again of the words:

Check thy desires; against thy fate
Strive ever more and more;
Else by surrender thou'lt create
Fresh miseries in store.

The Princess was already conscious of her misdeed, and could expiate it only by fresh tears; sitting down in the shade of some trees, she fell asleep. When she awoke she found seated by her side two Genies, of whom one had all the graces of youth, the other was decrepit, there was something repellent about his whole person, it was he that spoke first. "My child,"

" he said, " we have determined, my brother and I, to honour thee with our affection, and we were discussing at the moment of thy awaking to which of us thou shouldst fall; we are prepared to leave the choice to thee; thou canst never escape from us, so that all that remains to thee is freedom of choice. The Princess, infinitely surprised at what she heard, remained for a long time with lowered gaze without answering him: " Decide then upon one of us," went on the old Genie, " or else thou shalt belong to us both, bestow a glance upon him whom thou wilt choose." The Princess attempted to rise and flee, but was held back by the two Genies, and seeing that she could not free herself from them, felt that she would incur less peril by giving herself to the elder; she looked at him for a moment, whereupon the young Genie vanished, and she found herself alone with the other. " So it is I that thou preferrest, child," he said. " From this moment I accord thee my esteem; I must now take advantage of the preference that thou hast for me "; with this he seized both the Princess's hands in one of his own: she uttered piercing cries, and sought to defend herself. " Cease that uproar," he said. " Ever since I entered my third century, I have had a fresh adventure daily, thou art going to add to their number: prepare then to listen to the story of my life which I am about to relate to thee; that is all I require of my Mistresses, I demand nothing of them but their attention." With this he released the Princess, who, finding herself delivered on such easy terms, promised the Genie that she would be

as attentive as he could wish. The old man's countenance became less austere, there spread over it an air of serenity in which there was no longer any of those repellent signs of enfeebled age; and the harsh and terrifying tone of his voice becoming gentler, he began as follows.

THE OLD GENIE'S TALE

I AM an old Genie of Asia, widely known for the readiness I have always shown to be of assistance to mortals. Although my art, which raises me far above many of the other Genies in the world, ought, you would say, to give me as great a power over myself as I have superiority over them, yet I have all my life borne the tenderest of hearts and the most susceptible to those impressions that are created by a charming woman; but an unlucky delicacy has long been combined with this sensibility. It was not enough for me to find favour with a beauty who had charmed me; I desired that she should never practise even the slightest deception or concealment. This was the sole virtue that I required of them, so much so that I would have pardoned a woman an infidelity, had she admitted it. My boyhood was taken up with the usual exercises with which young Genies occupy their time: that is to say, filling the air with whirlwinds, thunders, and screaming blasts, turning the moon and stars pale, raising up mountains from the bowels of the earth, forcing rivers to flow uphill to their sources; composing philtres to arouse a tender passion, and other secrets wherewith to cause antipathy, to rejuvenate persons bowed down beneath the burden of old age, to build in an instant Palaces and even whole Cities,

to destroy others in as short a time. Such were the occupations of the early days of my life. As soon as I had come to that age at which the passions begin to stir our hearts, my sole occupation was to seek for a charming mistress; but I required, as I have already said, that she should have above all other qualities that of being sincere.

In order to find her, I decided to range over all the ends of the earth; to choose from every land one of its fairest women, and to transport them all to my Palace in Asia, where I should make a further choice among them. With the help of my art, I had soon made the circuit of the earth: I lingered in its various climes only until I had made the acquaintance of all those women who were famous for their beauty. I began my travels with the Isles of Greece; there was, on the Isle of Schio, a girl of fifteen years, fairer than the Graces; she was my first booty: I carried off a second from the banks of the Tiber; from there I passed to Germany, and by the streams of the Danube I chose a third. I then traversed all the Gauls, and in a City that is watered by the Seine, I found a young person whom also I abducted. I proceeded to choose another in those lands through which the Thames flows; from there I returned into that quarter of the world which was then known only to the Genies, where I carried off a girl of matchless beauty.

I transported each of these six persons to a Palace which I myself had built in the neighbourhood of my own: they found there everything that could charm their fancy and their vanity: I divided my day equally

among them; and as, during the sojourn that I had made in the countries from which I had taken them, I had learned to distinguish their several characters, I never offered myself to them save in the form that I considered best suited to attract them.

I had remarked that the dominating passion of the fair German was ambition and the desire to please; she found the Palace that I had set apart for her inhabited by a number of women of matchless beauty, who told her that it was the Seraglio of the Caliph of Babylon; that this Prince was amiable in appearance and gallant and polished in his ways, his heart more than ordinarily constant, and that when he had taken a fancy to one of them, she might flatter herself that she would long remain his favourite, provided that she kept her word to him, even in the most trivial matters. "The Caliph," they added, "does not detain us here save of our own free will; those in whom the desire to please him is not sufficient to make them stay, as soon as they show the slightest distaste for their quarters are instantly transported wherever they may choose to go: it will soon be time for the Prince to pay us a visit; until he arrives, come and inspect this vast and superb Palace; apart from its magnificent structure, what is most rare and pleasing in it is that every pleasure and amusement will be offered you, as soon as you have desired them for an instant."

The German, having followed her Companions, returned to the apartment in which she had been told that the Caliph would shortly appear; it was I who presented myself to her sight in the form of a man

endowed with all the charms of youth. I was dressed in superb attire, and surounded by a splendid Court. "They have doubtless informed you, Madame," I said, "that this is the abode of liberty; you shall remain here only so long as you please: I would that it might rest with my attentions and my sentiments to make you dwell here all your life." The German answered me with great intelligence and modesty and from that day seemed to apply herself only to those things that might attach me to her; but, insensate fool that I was, I was not sufficiently content with these flattering demonstrations, I was determined to know whether any other object was dearer to her than myself, and whether her heart was indeed incapable of disguise: I had a sure way of testing her which I employed.

One day when I was with her, "there is a part of your Palace," I told her, "the importance of which you do not yet know, and which is worthy of your curiosity; it is that extremity of your gallery which is in the form of a Dome, it is called the abode of wishes: you may go there whenever you please, and form there whatever wish you choose; you will at once behold objects that will assure you of the successful fulfilment of your wish; the whole mystery consists in your approaching an urn which is supported upon a column: you will place your lips over the urn, and will utter in a whisper, if you please, the wish that you have formed."

No sooner had I left her than she hastened eagerly to the spot that I had indicated to her, approached the urn,

and bending over it, uttered these words: *I wish that time, which destroys the beauty of other women, may always add fresh lustre to mine.* She had no sooner spoken than she beheld a Lady, all of whose features were similar to her own, and as she fixed her gaze upon her, perceived certain fresh charms that began to enhance her beauty: all these objects vanished, and she returned to her own apartment highly satisfied with what she had seen.

I joined her a moment later; an intense joy was visible in every part of her person: "May I inquire," I said to her," whether you are pleased with the abode of wishes; tell me, I beg of you, what was the wish that took you there?" "That I shall," was her answer; "the wish that I uttered is too precious for me not to impart it to you. I wished that I might always retain the sole advantage that I possess over all the Ladies who compose your Court, namely, that of loving you more tenderly than you are loved by them." "Ah! Madame," I replied, "how deeply I appreciate the value of sentiments so delicate and so gratifying! You shall very soon learn how I propose to reward them."

I left her and made my way to the young Greek. I had remarked during the time that I had spent with her upon the Island of Schio, that although she was loved by all the attractive men that were to be found upon the Island, she made no response to any of them. I presented myself to her in the form of a young Greek who loved her to desperation. "It was to rid you," I told her, "of the importunate swarm of lovers

who were incessantly surrounding you, that I brought you to this spot, with the help of a Genie who is my protector; this Palace will offer you everything that can appeal to you, and we can without difficulty or disturbance meet and love one another, if your heart deigns to consent."

It appeared that she was touched, and that the coldness which I had found in her had given place to an extreme tenderness. Presently I led her to the abode of wishes (for in each of the Palaces of the Ladies whom I had carried off, I had set up an urn in a similar position, which had the property that I have just described), and, after enlightening her as to what she must do, I withdrew from her; she then approached the urn, and said: *I wish to become as responsive to the attentions of a Lover as I have hitherto been left cold by them.* At once she perceived a young man who seemed to have been formed expressly to give pleasure. She looked at him with a sort of satisfaction which she had not hitherto known, and saw him immediately vanish. I joined her again a moment later in her apartment. "Well," I said to her, "what do you think of the power of the urn? What wish did you utter?" "I wished," she said, "that my heart might always remain in its present disposition, to love none but yourself." "Ah, how charming you are," I said to her, "how gratifying it is to me to know that you are so tender and so faithful: it is an act of justice to my heart; you know with what indifference I used to regard all the other beauties of Greece, more than content with the hope of winning your favour." With these words I left

her, to make my way to the Palace of the fair Rosalina, whom I had carried off from the banks of the Tiber.

She had been brought up under extreme constraint; her parents would scarcely allow her to behold the light of day. I supposed that, having conveyed her to a Palace in which the pleasures and graces reigned, and by offering myself to her in an attractive form, I should speedily become the absolute lord of her heart. I combined every day with all the amusements that I could imagine for her pleasure, the attentions and speeches most indicative of a genuine affection. At length I told her of the urn that received wishes; she went to it, presently, and leaning over it uttered these words: *I wish to know all the degrees of pleasure that are to be found in the world, and to be able to choose among them freely.* She then heard a voice which said:

Thy wish shall be obeyed,
Even as it was made;
To thee, as long as thou shalt live,
Each moment shall fresh pleasures give.

She came back to me highly satisfied with this prediction: I asked her what use she had made of the urn: "I wished," was her answer, "never to know any other pleasure than that of possessing your heart, and of loving you all my life long." "How happy I am," I said to her, "that your desires and my own are so concordant; half of your wish will always procure the fulfilment of the whole."

Having made an excuse for leaving her, I passed next to the Palace of the young beauty whom I had carried off from the banks of the Thames. She had

a distinguished figure, her features were regular, and she had the most beautiful complexion in the world; her manner was light and graceful; I had known her to be extremely addicted to pleasure; I overlooked nothing that would make me appear attractive, being convinced that in order to please, we must always amuse her whom we love. I filled each moment of her time with some object that might occupy it agreeably: this course appeared to me to have been successful, it seemed that I occupied the position of what she most prized in the world. At length I took her to the abode of wishes, where after instructing her as to the benefit that she could derive from it, I left her to herself. As soon as she found herself at liberty, she approached the urn and said: *I wish that my heart may be as liberally divided as my desires.* Thereupon she beheld the Genie who presides over hearts, holding out to her all the arrows with which he was armed. I joined her again when she had finished; and having asked her what secret she had confided to the urn: " I wished," said she, " that your heart may always be as faithful to me as it will be dear to me." I appeared charmed by a wish so favourable to my affection; and, taking leave of her a moment later, passed on to the Palace of the fair American.

In the Region in which she was born, the inhabitants knew no other laws than those of nature, and lived scattered about the face of the country in tribes and families. They all, however, spoke the same language, and it was familiar to me; for Genies are endowed by nature with the knowledge which men acquire only by

long study. The American's surprise was unbounded when, instead of finding herself in an unpeopled waste with no shelter but a tiny hut, she saw herself in a vast Palace, equipped with every device of art. I had assumed the form of a man of her nation. I sought for a time to make the most of her bewilderment, and found that as she grew accustomed to the surrounding objects, her ideas became less confused, and that she had all the good sense of which people from the other parts of the world are capable.

I supposed that she would be wholly occupied with her affection for myself, not being distracted by those various impulses to which discernment and experience give rise in the women of Europe and Asia. I did everything in my power to inspire her with love, and it seemed to me that I had been successful, which made me conclude that this passion is a natural impulse of the heart, which does not require the aid of the imagination to bring it to birth. At length, after I had observed in her all the sentiments that appeared in the Ladies of the other Nations whom I had abducted, I told her of the use that she might make of the urn; she went at once to the abode of wishes, and said: *I wish that the moment of my life which shall be most flattering to me may last as long as I please.* Thereupon she perceived the Pleasures in the form of little boys with wings; they all of them clustered round her; they were so dependent on her gaze that she could as she chose retain them there or make them vanish. I went to her, and having pressed her to disclose her wishes to me: "Being unable to conceive," she replied, "that there

can be a happier situation than that in which I am placed, I have wished to remain in it for the rest of my life." "Your lot will depend only upon yourself," I replied, "and you shall soon be informed of it."

I withdrew from her to make my way to the Palace of Clarice, whom I had carried away from the banks of the Seine: I had shown her the same care and attention as the rest, and for several days past she had been initiated into the mysteries of the urn; she had consulted it more than once, and I had heard the wishes that she had expressed, as I had heard those of the other five Ladies; for this urn was placed upon a hollow column which rested upon a sounding-board so artfully constructed that it repeated the words uttered over the urn with increased resonance and clearness in a grotto over which it stood, and to which I used to repair in order to hear what was said.

The first time that Clarice went to confide her desires to it, she wished that *she might know the person whom she was to love, when her affection for myself should have ceased*. At once she beheld a man of the most charming aspect who came and threw himself at her feet and thanked her for having hastened the moment at which he was to be loved by her: she became so enamoured of this new Lover, that each day, as soon as my back was turned, she hastened to the abode of wishes where she spent with him every moment that she could snatch from myself, and was emerging from it at the moment when I begged her to tell me what she had demanded of the urn.

"I must act openly with you," she told me. "Your

conduct towards me has been so honourable, that I should be rewarding it ill were I not to disclose my heart to you in its true colours. The day upon which you taught me the secret of the urn of wishes, led by curiosity alone, and convinced that one cannot always be in love with the same object, I wished that I might know the person who would succeed you in my heart. He at once presented himself, I confessed my weakness. This new Lover seemed to me so attractive, that I surrendered myself altogether to the passion that he inspired. I no longer deserve your kindness; expel me, therefore, from your presence, and send me back to the place from which you took me, and as a last proof of your affection, give me my Lover, and let me depart with him."

This confession which ought to have made a breach between me and Clarice, produced quite the contrary effect in my heart, so charmed was I to find in her that sincerity which I sought with such ardour in a woman. " No, Clarice, I told her, you shall not leave me: even if the feeling that you had for me be extinct, you are none the less dear to me for that; your sincerity fills the place in my heart of all the affection that you have taken from me; no, I cannot make up my mind to expel you: I shall love you with such anxiety to please you, that I shall contrive to overcome this new love which is carrying you away. Besides, if you agree, I can by the power of my art, discover secrets which will give you an antipathy to this object who is so dear to you; but no, this remedy would not satisfy me, I do not wish to owe your heart to any other charm than

that of love." In short, by dint of pressing her I obtained her consent to remain for a little time longer with me. I pointed out to her the beauties of the place in which she was dwelling, surrounded by everything that can enhance the pleasure of life. I began to neglect all the other Ladies whom I had abducted in order to occupy myself with her alone; but, alas, my attentions had but a sorry result! That sincerity, by which Clarice had charmed me, put me to the most cruel torments; she admitted openly, every day, that she no longer felt her heart capable of any response to mine, and that her new Lover would always be its lord and master. This avowal plunged me in the depths of despair: "Alas," I said to her at times, "discard this sincerity which is so fatal to me! Deceive me into believing that you love me! It is easy to be beguiled over what we passionately desire; you need merely present the slightest appearance of that affection which I demand of you; does it require so great an effort in a woman to make believe?" "No," she said, "it does not lie in my power; my heart is too full of him whom I love to be able to appear occupied with another object: I am forced to appear to you such as I am; can you impute to me as a crime the sole virtue that you have demanded of me?"

In the end, seeing that I could win no influence over her, I decided to send her away: I took her to my own Palace, where I had assembled the other five Ladies. "I required nothing of you," I told them, "but to banish all concealment, even of the most trivial things, but there has been only one of you that has kept her

word to me over the mysteries of the Urn: all the others have sought to deceive me as to the nature of their wishes. You are about to learn what it is to offend a powerful Genie whose heart is fashioned like mine. You whom I carried off from the Danube, you wished that time which destroys the beauty of all other women might always add fresh lustre to your own. Behold, here is a phial of that water so famed in poetry, which will gratify your wish for perpetual beauty.

"As for you," I said to the young Greek, "you wished to become as responsive to the attentions of a Lover as you have hitherto been left cold by them. Behold, here is a phial which will give your heart that sensibility which it desires; your charms will do the rest, and will prove a potent enough philtre to make you loved.

"You have wished," I said to the fair Rosalina, "to know all the degrees of pleasure, and to be able to choose among them freely; go, return to the banks of the Tiber, from which I abducted you; in place of that life of constraint which you led there, you shall be entirely free, and all forms of pleasure will be offered you in accordance with your desires.

"As for you," I said to the young person whom I had carried off from the banks of the Thames, "you have wished that your heart might be divided as liberally as your desires; you might have asked of the Urn something more difficult; in order to have a divided heart, I should say that you need only follow your own inclinations: however that may be, here is a Diamond

upon which invisible characters are engraved, which will have the virtue of giving your heart all the impressions that you may wish it to receive."

I next addressed myself to the fair American: "Your education does me great honour," I said to her, "you have passed all at once from that blind instinct which formerly guided you to the most penetrating and delicate discernment; but it must be admitted that you owe this rapid progress rather to your own happy nature than to the care that I have taken to instruct you: you have wished that the moment of your life which should be most flattering to you might last as long as you chose; behold, here is a mysterious Ring which will produce that rare effect as soon as you have slipped it upon one of your fingers; but, in order to have a better opportunity of making use of it, forsake your own barbaric Land, go and dwell in that famous City which is watered by the Seine."

When I had ended my speech, I turned my eyes upon Clarice; I was unable to look at her without extreme emotion: "Come," I said to her, "cruel Clarice, you have wished that you might know the person whom you will love, when your affection for myself shall have ceased; you have seen that Lover who is robbing me of your heart, but why flatter myself that he is making me unfaithful to you? You have never loved me, or at least your affection has lasted so short a time, that I have barely had time to be aware of it: very well, your wish is granted; you possess him who is dear to you. Set off, return to your own Land. It would be easily within my power to make

your Lover as little constant to you as you have been to me, but your griefs would not obliterate mine, on the contrary, alas, I should only increase them by making use of a revenge that would make you suffer. This is not all that I am going to do for you, Ladies," I went on: "I am going to give each of you a Car which will transport you wherever you may wish to go; and I beg that you will take with you the jewels and precious stones that are in your Palaces. These are the last tokens that I mean to give you of my disappointment. I can complain of nobody but myself; you have made me see that we must consider Ladies only by their outward appearance and never for what they are. Alas, had I but followed this maxim, how happy my lot had been! You had, in my eyes, the most gratifying exterior in the world. Even Clarice, who is costing me so many alarms, had nothing that was not bound to charm me, until the instant when I sought to explore her heart; but I ought to have enjoyed the sentiments that it affected, without seeking to know a heart so far from loyal. Farewell, Ladies, remember me with an esteem which I feel that I have merited." I then allowed them to depart, and myself withdrew into a private quarter of my Palace, where, after remaining for some time in the black despair of a man who has just lost the object of his love, I decided to hasten by a potion the relief that time brings to all forms of grief, and soon found myself in a state of tranquillity which was all the more precious to my heart, in that it had just been agitated by the keenest and most distressing transports.

But my heart soon grew weary of this calm; the thought of the sufferings that love had cost me grew fainter every day, and I began to recall with pleasure the gratifying moments that it had offered me. As a distraction from the tedium that I found in my solitude, I decided upon a voyage to all the Isles of Asia that were unknown to me. I repaired to the Coast of Coromandel, where I found a Vessel ready to set sail; the persons who were about to embark in her seemed to me agreeable company. I set off with them, hoping that their society and the change of scene would rid me of that sombre humour which I had contracted in my Palace. For some days we continued to make a good passage; but our Pilot one morning, having spied certain Vessels that were giving us chase, sought to escape them; his efforts were in vain, they were swifter travellers than our own, and had soon overhauled us. We could tell by their Flags that they were Corsairs who had put out from the Isle of Sumatra. "There is," said our Pilot, "at the extremity of that Isle a Kingdom named Achem which is governed by women, and as in their clime no male children are ever born, they equip vessels which keep a watch upon all our Coasts, to carry off as many men as they may find, and keep them for the rest of their lives in bondage."

Everyone on board turned pale on hearing this, and we formed the resolve that we would defend our liberty with our very lives, if need be. I was alone in opposition to this plan; I advised them to let themselves be taken without resistance, promising them that

I would manage to release them from the bondage that they dreaded; and that so far from there being any danger that the ſtay which we should make in Achem might prove calamitous to them, I would enable them to leave the place when they chose, laden with all the treasures of the Realm. But seeing that my promises made but little impression upon them, I decided to convince them of my power by some extraordinary portent: I touched our Vessel with a wand which I had in my hand, immediately she split open, the water rushed in on all sides, and they thought themselves only too fortunate to find an asylum on board the Ships of the Corsairs of Achem.

These women, charmed with the booty that they had made, returned at once to their Port, and conveyed us to their Capital City, where they left us at liberty to act and go as we pleased, without subjecting us to any discipline. We spent some days in this situation. The persons who had been captured with me remained in my company; I took care to provide them abundantly with all the necessities of life, and they were beginning to hope great things of the promises that I had made them, when one day, while we were assembled in a great Square in the City, we were suddenly surrounded by a considerable number of these women who bade us accompany them. I was determined that there should be no resiſtance, and I was the firſt to hold out my hands to the chains that were faſtened upon us. We were taken to a vaſt Palace, where we found a Circle of women seated upon raised benches, who affected a serious and auſtere caſt of

countenance; they were all of them exquisitely beautiful. One of them addressed herself to me, as being the Leader of our band, and said to me: "This is the Senate that judges Criminals, prepare yourselves for the punishments that are your due."

"What is our crime?" I said to her. "We do not admit that we are guilty of anything, and if we have incurred guilt without our knowledge, it will be a mitigation of the Sentence which you are about to pass upon us, to hear it uttered by the fairest lips in the world." "This fashion of defending yourselves," she replied, "is a sort of reparation for the wrong that you have done us, but it is not sufficient: you must have heard that here all men are Slaves, and that, as soon as they have passed a week in this Realm, they must choose for themselves the yoke that they intend to bear; since you arrived here you must have been informed of this sovran law; and since you have not complied with it, you will now receive of necessity the fetters which you ought to have assumed by choice."

After this they took counsel together, and indicated to us the different persons to whom we were to belong: as for myself, thanks to the becoming exterior with which I had adorned myself, I was reserved for the Queen's service. I asked them as a sole favour, before we were taken to the places where the Slaves were housed, that I should be allowed to speak to my Companions in private; they allowed me this. I embraced them all, and told them that I would never refuse them my succour: that I would visit them frequently, and that they must trust absolutely in my

power. This speech made them look without alarm upon the state of bondage into which they had fallen, and after they had expressed their gratitude, we parted to seek our several destinations.

I was taken to the Palace in which the Queen's Captives were housed: I was dying with impatience to behold this Princess. She had as many slaves as there are hours in the year: they were becomingly attired and were taught to perform shows and dances for her amusement. Not a day passed without her coming to see them; each of them had a little habitation apart, in which he found all the commodities of life; and when the Queen came to see them they were dispersed among a number of large Galleries, where each of them to his heart's content sought in different ways to amuse her.

Some, when she passed, kissed their chains, others carried them on their heads in the form of a garland; one, in a song in imitation of the Greeks, exalted his bondage above the Sceptre of all the Kings of the earth. Another, wearing the attributes of the Genie who presides over our hearts, laid at the Queen's feet those symbols and fires which prompt the tender passion. You saw on one side a troop of these Captives who, by song, dance and gesture were deploring the moments in which they were deprived of her presence. Others you might see describing in similar fashion the bliss of those among them who became the objects of the Queen's favours: for she came every day to amuse herself at their sports, which were always new, and each day her choice fell upon one of her

slaves; she would then hold out her hand for him to kiss. Thereupon he was released from his chains, was decked with garlands of flowers, was crowned with myrtle; he gave his hand to the Queen, and led her to a Temple in which they worshipped the Deity who presides over amusements. It is thus that the women of this Isle had named Venus, acknowledged throughout the rest of the world as the Fairy of pleasures; and the sacrifice completed, the chosen Slave returned to his chains, and was treated with no more consideration than the rest.

No sooner had I put on the garb of the Slaves than I was led to the Galleries where they were awaiting the Queen. I could see the emulation with which all my Companions were trying to devise some way of attracting this Princess: I felt that if I were to succeed I must take a contrary course, and that my homage, lost amid theirs, would mark me out less in her eyes than were I to affect resentment at having to wear her chains. I had taken care to borrow from three potent Fairies, who are called the Graces, all the most vivid charms, and the most provocative of love itself, that they can offer. When the Queen appeared, I saw the general eagerness and anxiety multiplied; and, indeed, she was worthy of such transports! Never did nature form anything so beautiful: there reigned in her features and her actions something so touching as to bring every heart to her feet. I alone, in the midst of this attentive troop, offered myself to her gaze with an indifferent air; I appeared ashamed of my fetters, and she could see the look of melancholy upon my

face. The Queen seemed surprised at the demeanour of her new Slave who was at once pointed out to her; she praised my personal attractions, and regretted the sorrow in which I appeared to be plunged.

" Why these marks of grief," she said to me. " Is the lot which thou shareſt with so many other men, charmed with their bondage, to draw tears from thine eyes? " " Madame," I answered her, " if slavery could be a good thing, it would be in your household that it would have charms; it seems to me indeed that I would find it agreeable if I myself had chosen the fetters that are faſtened on me of necessity: I was unaware that by the Laws of your Empire, when a man has sojourned here for some time he muſt anticipate his enslavement, in order not to be enslaved againſt his will: so, Madame, it is not the fault of my heart, it is my ignorance that has made me fall into your fetters; order me to be reſtored to liberty, and I shall make a voluntary sacrifice to that one of your Ladies to whom I shall feel myself naturally inclined." " Can that inclination," the Queen replied, " offer thee a better situation than thou already enjoyeſt? What better fortune couldſt thou have than to belong to her who governs this Empire? But," she added haughtily, " I take so little intereſt in thee, that I grant thee the favour thou haſt asked." With these words she withdrew, refusing that day to witness the revels that were being held in the Palace of the Captives. She chose out none of her Slaves, and retired to her own quarters.

I was charmed with this prompt retreat, and that

she had preferred none of her other Slaves: that would have been to me the cruellest of blows. I was beginning to feel the tenderest affection for her. I flattered myself that the care she had taken to tell me that she took no interest in me was a proof to the contrary, and that it was no doubt the resentment I had shown at having to wear her chains, that had disposed her favourably towards me: for it is often by hurting a woman's vanity that we succeed in making her fall in love with us.

I awaited with impatience the day on which the Queen was to restore my liberty, which I was to lose again immediately. She sent for me on the following day; she was present in person at the Senate: she was seated upon a Throne superbly decorated, and was attired with all the ornaments capable of enhancing her beauty. All the Ladies of her Court were evenly distributed on either side of the Throne upon benches.

The Queen gave a sign that my fetters should be removed. "Now you are free," she said, "consider all these charming persons who form my Court; take these fetters which are lying before my Throne, and place them at the feet of her whom your inclinations lead you to choose."

After a little reflexion I obeyed, and gathering up the chains that had been laid in front of me, advanced towards the Queen's Favourite Lady; the Princess, who supposed that I wished to offer myself as her slave, betrayed an intense anxiety. I approached close to the Favourite; "Do you, Madame," I said to her,

" to whom the Queen has never yet refused anything, deign to give your support to my zeal; perhaps I am no longer worthy to return to my chains after having chosen to break them; but I regretted my lost freedom only because I had not been able to make a voluntary sacrifice of it; persuade this charming Princess to receive the new homage which my heart wishes to render her."

With this the Favourite rose, and led me to the foot of the Throne where I prostrated myself. The Queen, who during this time had been unable to conceal the anxiety that possessed her, was convulsed by a joy that was clearly visible on her features; she bound me with her own hands in the chains which I presented to her; I ventured to press a hundred kisses on the precious hand that was making me a slave once more, and thought that I could see in her eyes a disturbance which seemed to give approval to my transports. The Queen made a sign that I should be taken back to the Palace of the Captives; I returned there in hot haste, flattered by the hope that at the moment when she arrived there I should be the favourite Slave.

The Princess arrived there almost as soon as myself. As soon as she entered the Gallery in which I was, I felt stirring within me that tender emotion which the presence of the beloved object inspires, and while the other slaves indulged in their usual pastimes, I kept my eyes fixed upon her, and could find no other occupation than to gaze at her.

When she had come near the spot where I was, she made a sign to one of her slaves to approach, and held

out her hand to him; I supposed that it was he that she was going to choose, and was overpowered by the keenest grief; I uttered a loud cry which rang through the Palace. The Queen made no sign of having heard it, and the Slave having come to her she gave him her Sceptre: "Take it to my new Slave," she said, "and make him bring it back to me." I received it in a trembling hand, and running to prostrate myself before the knees of the Queen, I clasped them for a long time in my embrace. She held out her hand to me; I kissed it with all the eagerness of a man passionately in love; they were obliged to tear me away from her in order to deck me with the ornaments with which I must be adorned, to conduct the Queen to the Temple of Amusements. She girt my brows herself with the garlands of flowers, and set the Crown of myrtle upon my head: I gave her my hand to lead her to the Temple; but as we were on the point of entering it, the Portals closed with violence, and we heard a formidable voice uttering these words:

Ye know not in this Court how rare, how dear
The fires that lovers' hearts inflame.
Let no more sacrifice be offered here
Save in Love's holy name.

"What," said the Queen, "does Love, that dangerous Genie, choose to lay down laws in my Empire? 'Tis said that all the Nations of the earth are his subjects, but here we regard his rights and pleasures merely as amusements: such is the name that we have given to the Temple to which we repair to render to his mother homages in which our hearts have no place;

we are accustomed to keep them in an independence which nothing can diminish. But what," she went on, " are the emotions that love requires of us? " " Ah, you have indeed made me conscious of them," I told her, " and how greatly am I to be pitied, if you yourself are ignorant of them! The distress that I felt when I thought just now that you were going to choose another Slave than myself; the joy that succeeded it, when your hand was offered to my lips . . ." " What! " the Queen interrupted me, " are these the signs of the power that love has over us? Alas, he has no reason now to blame my heart! Those anxieties, that joy which you have just described to me, and of which I was formerly aware, have occupied me all too closely since the moment when I first beheld you. I have wished for you the same emotions that carried me away in spite of myself; I feel an intense pleasure in knowing that you share them: come, the way into the Temple must now be open to us, and the Genie who has contrived to skilfully to insinuate himself into my heart, required nothing more, evidently, than a confession from my lips." Thereupon the doors of the Temple opened; the Queen and I passed inside: and prostrate before the Altars blessed a hundred times the Genie whose power we acknowledged. The Queen gave orders that all the Ladies of her Court should come to the Temple, there to abjure that independence of heart which they had too long cherished. They presently appeared. There each of them gave full expression to her zeal, and offered a thousand vows to the Genie to make him propitious to herself, and

they sang three times in his praise the following Hymn which I had composed:

O Sovran Lord, dread Deity,
Who ruleſt all, on land or sea,
  Throughout the Universe;
Who'ſt tun'd our hearts in one accord;
Our blended ſtrains accept, O Lord,
  The tribute of our verse.

Ever within thy sacred Home
May clouds of incense wreathe the Dome,
  A symbol of our praise;
So all day long and every day
Thy fire that ſtirs our senses may
  Inflame us with its rays.

Obedient to thy Laws divine
Our souls we offer at thy shrine,
  In humble sacrifice;
Then with thy swift, delicious darts,
Punish, O Lord, our erring hearts
  That did not hear thy voice.

Who's learn'd and knows thy Righteousness
A heart 'mid trouble and diſtress
  Undaunted ever shows.
Againſt all perils he is armed
And, thy Light guiding, walks unharmed
  In presence of his foes.

When night had darkened land and sea
(Leander) The ardent Lover, led by thee,
  All danger to despise,
Plung'd in, and clove th' engulphing tide,
Seeing thy fire, his diſtant guide,
  Fram'd in his miſtress' eyes.

(ADMETUS) Lo, the young HUSBAND, chill'd and pale,
A captive in the shadow'd vale,
Awaits the approach of Death.
To save her wedded darling's life,
True to her vows, his faithful wife
Redeems him with her breath.

(TELEMACHUS) Forewarn'd in vain, the youthful SAGE
Thinks to escape thy madding rage
Behind Minerva's shield.
Stabb'd by a pair of lovely eyes,
He longs, he languishes, he sighs,
To melt, to love, to yield.

For ten years sunder'd from her Spouse,
(PENELOPE) The faithful MISTRESS of his house,
Sustain'd by thy vast power,
Lets all her wooers plead in vain ;
Till he returns to her again
She'll know no rapturous hour.

What other power is like to thine,
Tremendous Spirit ! Soul Divine
That o'er all Nature rules.
Wretched the mortal who, controll'd
By his own will and over-bold,
Seeks to escape thy chains.

These ceremonies performed, we left the Temple in procession. I escorted the Queen to the Palace of the Captives. No sooner had I entered it than the women to whose charge the Slaves were committed, sought to bind me again in my fetters. "No," said the Queen, "these tokens of a shameful servitude are not meant for a mortal whom I love; I have no wish to enthral him save to my heart." She likewise

ordered all the Ladies of her Court to choose among their Slaves whichever their heart might prefer, and to remove his chains. And when the Ladies had made their choice, she decreed that these favourite Slaves should no longer remain in the Palace of the Captives, and should be separated from their Ladies only so far as the Laws of the Genie who presides over hearts permit a man to depart from the presence of his beloved.

How sudden a change in the Realm! The Ladies who had always treated their Captives with scorn, now led the favourite Slave in triumph; and in order to conform with the conduct of their Queen, one saw a desire aroused in them to vie with her in their sentiments; the whole day passed in pleasant sports and pastimes; each of them made it her boast that she was procuring the perfect happiness of him whom she loved. The Queen set apart two days in each week, when as soon as night began to fall, the Ladies, one after another, should assemble their friends, and hold an entertainment at which each should have her favourite Slave. The Queen was the first to obey this Law which she had established ; she assembled the Ladies of her Court, each of whom brought her Slave, and the party proceeded to a brilliantly lighted Pavilion.

It was in the form of an Octagon, and composed of a countless quantity of aventurines artificially fastened together. On the ceiling you saw a number of carbuncles, scattered as are the stars in the sky, which gave a light different from that of the day, but nevertheless extremely bright. There appeared upon a

well-furnished ſtage a Lady of a handsome figure; her gown was sprinkled all over with diamonds in the form of ſtars; a veil which covered her head swept to the ground, but allowed her face to be seen. This Lady represented Night; by her side there appeared a young man whose hair was concealed by one of the folds of his garment; he represented Apollo: Night addressed to him the following words, which she sang to the accompaniment of a pleasing harmony:

NIGHT

Dread God, beneath whose mighty sway
All mortals tremble and obey,
Know now my Empire, judge my suit and say:
Should they not raise for me
Their altars, as for thee?
When in my turn I rule the earth,
To every paſtime, sport and mirth
The myſtery and shades of Night give birth;
Which, in the glare of day,
Falter and shrink away.

APOLLO

When, at the journey's end, my chariot goes
To seek refreshment neath the weſtern wave,
No boon—'twas my belief—but chaſte repose
The ensuing night to weary mortals gave.
But since of pleasures too I'm told,
I now intend to linger and behold.

NIGHT

I'll not delay you, Lovers, who refrain
From ſtealing forth to see, and hear, and touch,
In happy congress, till Night comes again.
Already ye have waited overmuch.

The Theatre then represented a pleasant country scene. One saw at the back of the stage a Castle flanked by a number of Towers of great height, and surrounded by a broad moat. Apollo and Night withdrew to the corner of the stage, and there appeared an Actor who sang the following lines:

As o'er this boundless plain I stray,
High on the crest of yonder tower,
The vision greets me, every day,
Of Chloris in her bower.
So far aloft, I fear me,
The maiden cannot hear me;
But love, sweet love, has found a way
To draw her heart down near me.

Yet, oh, what sad perplexities of mind
We've had to bear! Her cruel parents keep
Strict watch upon her, and prevent my approach.
But in this letter Chloris bids me know
That, when the shades of night dispel the day,
She means to roam these solitary woods.
Take payment from my heart of what I owe thee,
Love! Oh, how perfect and extreme my bliss,
Now for the first time am I to behold
The charming object of my passion. Gods!
Is fate now to betray my hopes again?
Soon will the sun's rays strike athwart the sky;
Alas, the moment that shall make us happy
Is all too long delayed. But lo, I see
Chloris approach. Come, let me fly to greet her.

CHLORIS

Dear, all too dear love whom I do not know,
Is it indeed you that I see appear?
Yes, for my bounding heart makes known your presence
By its glad ecstasy.

SWAIN

So far apart
We've been, we could not see each other's face ;
This moment, long prepared for us by love,
Gives me a first glimpse of your charms. Since love,
A tender love, first bound me in your chains,
My heart supposed you but to have your share
Of charms that wounded Venus' jealous eyes.
But when I see these sweet and charming features,
I know no face was ever formed so fair.

CHLORIS

Since first upon this boundless plain
(Where scarce could I my loved one see,
So far apart we must remain)
Love chained my heart to thee,
Each day I've felt his mild alarms,
And thrills I never knew before ;
Not all your wooing, all your charms
Can heat my ardour more.

SWAIN

For that harsh rule how must you grieve,
That with your freedom interferes ;
A cruel mother's guard deceive,
That robs you of life's happiest years !

CHLORIS

Alas, what sudden pang of fear has come
To mar the quiet of our pleasant talk.
I seem to see my mother on my heels ;
But for her harshness, her suspicions, I
Might perhaps have kept the secret of my love.

SWAIN

Express more clearly still your sentiment.

Night, from the corner to which she has withdrawn with Apollo:

Shew for an instant but a single ray;
Ere at Aurora's coming I retire
Yet other objects are to greet our eyes.
Send we these Lovers hence.

APOLLO

Nay, let them stay
A moment longer.

Here Night uncovered a lock of Apollo's hair, which had been concealed by a fold of his garment.

CHLORIS

What! Dawn already brightens in the sky!

SWAIN

Why are not ye eternal, precious moments,
When lover and his love come face to face.

BOTH

Love, thee only I implore!
Thou art the cause of all our woes; therefore,
Do thou our joys restore.

CHLORIS

Ah, keen despair!

SWAIN

What torment now devours me!

BOTH

Alas, we twain must part.

NIGHT

Lovers, enough; be off. Ye pleasant dreams,
Assemble from the corners of the earth,
Display before our eyes the quaint deceits
Wherewith ye're wont to cheat the Universe.

The Scene then represented the Palace of Sleep, into which came a flock of dreams.

CHORUS OF DREAMS

Rather to us, frail mortals, in our praise,
Than to all other gods your altars raise.
For as we choose
We take and use
A moiety of your lives.
Nor do we heed
The fates decreed
For husbands or for wives.

A PLEASANT DREAM :

At times I seize on some poor luckless wight
And turn him to Adonis—for a night.

A SAD DREAM :

I force to tears a pair of beauteous eyes,
To mourn their dearest friend, when beauty dies.

A PLEASANT DREAM :

Beneath my spell, a young and charming bride
Finds her dull Spouse no longer by her side.

A SAD DREAM :

I raise a buried Husband from the tomb
And place him in his tearful partner's room.

A PLEASANT DREAM :

I grant the sweetest bliss to tender hearts
Which by their constancy they have not won ;

A SAD DREAM :

I pierce a tender heart with all the darts
Of burning jealousy, when cause there's none.

A PLEASANT DREAM :

I bring to parted lovers happiness,
Uniting them once more in dreams of bliss.

A Sad Dream :

I plunge united lovers in distress
With hints of discord where no discord is.

A Pleasant Dream :

Corinna dwelt aloof from love ;
None could melt her, none could move ;
In vain the likeliest lover sought
To touch her heart, he touch'd it not.
But one night to her did seem
She saw love's image in a dream.
Straightway she awoke
And from her heart thus spoke :
" Ye Gods ! Why cannot I
Dream so until I die ? "
A single dream had done
More than love ever won.

Another Pleasant Dream :

One night as Vulcan sleeping lay, it seem'd
To him, his cruel, fickle Spouse rejected
The suit of Mars, and of Adonis too.
O blessèd fraud, for, had he never dream'd
This counterfeit, how had he e'er suspected
That Venus might be true?

The Dreams were here interrupted by one of the Hours, who appeared upon the Stage, and said to Night :

Too long your curtains have obscur'd the Skies ;
Ere now, the Car of Him that brings the day
Ought to have risen from the stream of Ocean.

Apollo :

Go, get you gone ; upon my course I start.
Meanwhile, let Dawn delight the Universe.
Oh Night, how kind thou art !
Pleasures and plays assemble by thy aid ;

So to my rays the mortal oft prefers
Thy favourable shade.
When, fired by love's most tender flame,
I followed Daphne in her flight,
Perchance, alas, the cruel Dame
Would not have fled, but for my ardent light.

The Play finished, we passed into a Saloon, where we found a banquet prepared, and the Queen having made me take my place by her side, we partook of delicate meats which were temptingly served us: the most excellent wines of Greece flowed without stint; and the joy that reigned on every face and in every heart completed the success of our festivity.

The Genie of affection who presided there made his presence continually felt. The Queen, so that all the honours might fall to him, dispensed her Ladies from the obligations of reverence due to her rank, and chose to enjoy no other privilege unshared by them than that of being more tenderly affectionate to her Slave.

Towards the end of the Feast I took a lyre, and sang the loves of Cupid and Psyche. I described the fatal curiosity which the amorous maiden expiated with so many sorrows. I did not omit her descent into the infernal regions. I sang also of her bliss when, the jealousy of Venus having ceased, she found herself the Bride of the God who makes us love, Jupiter having given her immortality. The feast at an end, the party dispersed to their Apartments, and the rest of the night was employed in celebrating the power of the Genie.

How pleasant was now my lot. I continually saw

this Queen who was infinitely dear to me, and who appeared to lay everything else aside for me. I was entirely taken up with herself: I neglected all the secrets of my art: I knew none more pleasant than that of giving pleasure to the beloved person; but this happiness, pure as it was, did not last for long. The emotions of love are like everything else in life, never so near their term as when they have attained a certain perfection: too careful an attempt to keep the Queen's heart for myself led to my losing it: I had no other object than herself; and although I was waited upon every day by women, each one more beautiful than the last, not one of them afforded me the slightest temptation to infidelity, nor did the Queen, who had me watched by persons in her confidence, ever have any reason to complain of my conduct. Alas, the certainty that she is loved is not what makes a woman faithful! This Princess, convinced that nothing could ever take my heart from her, began to cherish it less; she had forgotten everything that could separate us for a moment. The mere sight of one another took the place, for us, of all the other pleasures in the world: but I began to perceive daily that she no longer showed that keenness which extreme love inspires; often she would see a pretext for leaving me. I might, by the power of my art, have discovered what was taking her from me, but I feared to come upon truths fatal to my love, and preferred to remain in a state of uncertainty.

One day when she had left me by myself, I decided to go and complain to the Genie who presides over

hearts, of the change that I found in the Princess. "What a cruel Genie you are," I said to him, "why do you make the Queen unfaithful? have I ever once given her an occasion for infidelity since the moment when first I fell in love with her? has my heart, have my attentions ever strayed from her for an instant?" "That is what has been your undoing," replied the Genie, "undue fidelity in a Lover infects women's hearts with a certain languor which soon brings them to indifference, one binds them faster by thwarting them. Self-love in a woman is often stronger than the love which I inspire, and when once this self-love has nothing more to derive from one object, it seeks out another which still leaves something to be desired. But know," he continued, "the whole extent of your misfortune; to wit, that your Queen is completely unfaithful to you, she is at this very instant in the Palace of the Captives where she is sacrificing you to one of her Slaves." "Ah, what a blow you have dealt me!" I said to him. "Why did you not leave me in ignorance of the extent of my calamity; the pain is halved when there is still a doubt. "Do not complain," replied the Genie, "those to whom I reveal their true situation are not the most to be pitied, but I wish to excuse myself to you for the change in your Queen. It is an injustice to impute to love the infidelities that prevail in the world; no, I am not responsible for them, the darts with which I smite the hearts of mortals inspire the feeling which is called affection, but that feeling is not confined to a single object: others are entitled to attract it to themselves,

it is the occasion, the event, and often in women mere caprice that determines its object." "But, potent Genie," I replied, "cannot you at least make this infidelity cease? When the Queen chooses to prefer one of her Captives to myself, make him appear so hideous in her eyes as to inspire an immediate antipathy." "Were I to disfigure," he replied, "all the persons who make others unfaithful, or become unfaithful themselves, you would see nothing in the whole world but monsters: take my advice, the best that you can do is to forget this Princess who is sacrificing you; your surest vengeance is to imitate her example."

I thanked the Genie for the advice that he had given me, and left him; but I had not the courage to follow his advice. I returned in haste to my unfaithful Queen. I found her returned from the Palace of the Captives: I made her the most tender reproaches; she replied coldly, and merely told me that my suspicions were ill-founded, and that I had no cause to reproach her; this manner of defending herself filled me with despair, and confirmed the report that the Genie had given me. Indeed, the Queen returned on the following day to the Palace of the Captives. I suspected what was in the air; I arrived there before her, and traced some figures upon the gate of the Palace, whereupon all the slaves vanished; the Queen was extremely surprised to find the place deserted, and her astonishment increased yet further, when she learned that all the Slaves that existed in the rest of her Dominions had likewise disappeared, and that

I had been sought for in vain throughout her State. The Queen, upon hearing this, flew into a towering rage. I had the pleasure of witnessing her fury, for I never left her side, and had merely made myself invisible; but what pierced my heart through and through was the discovery from her ravings that I had but a small part in the regret which she felt at the loss of her Slaves; it was this that made me determine to leave her for a while longer in the nonplus in which I had placed her.

First of all, she gave orders that all the Vessels in her Ports were to set sail, and to carry off from all the Coasts of Asia Slaves enough to repeople her Palace. Instantly the women whose office was to make war took their posts in their respective Vessels and hoisted their sails; they were all of them animated with an extreme fury ; they had the honour of their nation to avenge, and never did they take it so much to heart. The Queen meanwhile was waiting with extreme impatience to see her Ships return laden with a thousand different Slaves who should fill the place of those that she had lost. I followed her continually, without her seeing me. How often was I on the point of throwing myself at her feet, and restoring her Captives to her; but the memory of her infidelity always restrained me; and no doubt, in time, in each of them I should have found a more favoured Rival.

One day cries of joy resounded from the Port. 'Twas one of the Ships that had just entered the harbour: the Queen repaired in haste to the spot. "Victory, victory," cried the Lady in command, when she saw

the Queen appear. "I bring to Your Majesty the handsomest slaves in Asia." With this a gangway was put down for them to land; but instead of those handsome, well-formed men of whom she had heard, she saw only Myrmidons, such as may be found among the natives of the Glacial Zone. They were so feeble and so languid that they could barely muster the strength to walk, and they were all of them hideous and repellent in appearance. The Queen flew into a violent abuse of the women of the Ship, who had all remained rooted to the ground at the sight of these Slaves, and swore that at the moment when they had carried them off upon the Coast of Surat, they had been well-made men. The Queen was obliged to believe them, and consoled herself with waiting for the return of the other Vessels which she had sent raiding. She ordered that in the meantime these wretched Slaves should be housed in the Palace which had become deserted: but her dismay was cruelly increased when she saw a considerable time elapse without any news of her Pirates; she needed all her patience. She even went at times to drown her grief in the Palace of her grotesque Slaves, and by the use of attire and ornaments sought to make amends, in him whom she chose, for the ugliness of his person. This behaviour made me resolve to part from her, and upon due reflexion I decided that the first step on my way to forgetting her should be to cease from giving her proofs of my displeasure.

One day when she was in the Palace of the Captives, as she gave her hand to be kissed by one of these

Myrmidons among whom she was making her choice, she beheld him all of a sudden transformed into another person, and it was I that appeared before her eyes. "Do not be alarmed to see me, Madame," I said to her, "I have no longer any desire to be avenged for the suffering that your infidelity has cost me; I hope that before long I may be sufficiently the master of my heart to pardon you altogether. I am come now to offer you infinite apologies for the anxieties that I have caused you; I admit my error: ought we to deem it a crime in the beloved person that she no longer finds us lovable? No, to be sure; and it is for her to reproach us, when we cease to please her; she can call us to account for the loss of the Lover who knew so well how to charm her, and whom she no longer finds. But, Madame, you have made me expiate to the full the offence that I gave you by ceasing to attract you, and I intend further, to be clear of all obligation to you, to restore your Slaves whom I caused to vanish." I thereupon rubbed out the characters that I had traced upon the gates of the Palace, and all the Slaves reappeared. I required of the Queen only that those Slaves who had arrived with myself in her State should have their freedom if they asked for it. She granted this favour, and gave them a Ship to convey them wherever they might choose to go, giving to each of them a vast treasure. She tried to persuade me to remain in attachment to her person. "No, Madame," I said, "I must indeed leave you; even were it possible for that tender understanding which existed once between us to revive, it would offer me

far fewer charms, for it would be a reminder that it might also cease."

The Queen, seeing that I was determined to depart, offered me one of her Vessels; I accepted, and begged her to accompany me to the Port. When we were there, "You are now going to learn, Madame," I said to her, "who the Lover is that you are losing." With this I boarded the Ship which was at once transformed into an Elephant with wings, and, mounting swiftly into the air, soon bore me from her sight.

It was to my own Palace that I repaired to seek for the second time a place of refuge from Love. There I formed fresh plans every day, for banishing the desire to expose myself again to the caprices of a Mistress. I resumed my relations with the other Genies, in order to have no more connexion with him who tyrannises over our hearts. I contributed, with them, to the different revolutions that occurred in the Universe; but I would never consent to have any part save in those that were favourable to mortals.

During this time I lent my assistance to a Prince of Asia who was undergoing the most cruel misfortunes; and this is how I came to take an interest in his lot. I went one day to take the air upon a little island lying off the Coast of Malabar. I was charmed with its situation, and with the purity of its air. There was also a Plain of some extent, fringed in places with poplars and other trees, beneath which ran streams which here and there passed out of sight to reappear later on. There was at one extremity of this Plain a hill from which you could make out the Sea, some-

times calm, and at other times menacing this Island with a fearful din, and with towering waves beneath which it seemed determined to engulph the Island. I noticed at the foot of this hill a man lost in a profound abstraction; he had an air of majesty about his person, although an intense melancholy was displayed upon his face and in his actions. At every moment, he kept heaving deep sighs. I accosted him. "Is it possible," I began, "that so charming a spot can be inhabited by one who appears so little conscious of its charms? The reason of your grief must indeed be great since it can prevail over objects so well suited to distract you from it?" "I am the most wretched of all mortals," he replied. "The circumstances that brought me to this Island serve only to make me find its beauties more insupportable; a horrid desert, in which I should behold nought but arid rocks, would be better suited to my position." "Deign to confide your calamities to me," I said; "however mighty the power that caused them, I shall be able to arrest their course." "Alas!" said he, "if the climax of misfortunes means their term, I am doubtless coming near to the end of my misery. I shall be glad to tell you the story of my life; and although I embitter my despair, by recalling those cruel images, I shall be fortunate if the pity, which you will be unable to withhold from me, brings me the succour which you have promised me."

"You cannot but have heard of the death of the Mogul; that event, which caused so many revolutions in his States, is still too recent not to be of interest to the whole of Asia; I am the eldest of the three sons whom that Prince left behind him.

"The Crown, according to the Laws of the Empire, passed to my head; my next brother, to whom I had always been tenderly attached, made no objection to my claim, but the third became so jealous, that he decided to establish by force a claim stronger than my own.

"He raised a considerable army in a short time; and as he had succeeded until then in concealing his ambitious designs, he launched a surprise attack upon me in my Capital City, almost before I could assemble a garrison for its defence; he besieged me in this place, and, having the advantage of numbers on his side, notwithstanding all our resistance he carried the siege, and made me his prisoner.

"It was not his ambition alone that raised him up against me; from his boyhood he had conceived a violent dislike of me, although I had done nothing to provoke it; and finding himself now the master of my destiny, he illustrated his hatred by the most odious cruelty.

"During my father's Reign I had fallen desperately in love with a young Circassian named Carisime, and although she possessed all the physical charms that make a woman attractive, her mental endowments, her upright character, and the affection that she conceived for myself attached me to her even more closely.

"When she was pointed out to me for the first time, charmed as I was by her beauty, I was anxious to explore her heart, and in order to succeed in this, to be indebted to myself alone for the affection which I hoped to inspire in her, I concealed my rank from her, and instead of beholding in her Lover the Emperor's son, she imagined only a private citizen who loved her with an intense passion.

"My modesty produced a happy result. I succeeded in making her reciprocate that tender love which she had inspired in me, and, to test her constancy, caused several offers to be made to her of admission to the Seraglio of the Emperor's son; it was hinted to her that the talents with which she was endowed would very soon make her the Favourite. Her heart was proof against these prospects which would have seduced any other woman in Asia; she made me a sacrifice of them which was all the more precious to me, in that she refused even to claim any credit for it; she concealed it from me, and her behaviour towards me was all that the most enamoured and most delicate of men could desire.

"I used to spend in her company every moment that was at my disposal. There, stripped of the ornaments of rank and greatness, I felt that there is no more

pleasant form of empire than to reign over the heart of one whom we love.

"The Emperor, my father, died about this time, and finding myself the master of such vast Domains and of myself, I could think only of rewarding the fidelity of my dear Carisime; and revealing to her who her Lover was, I placed her by my side upon the Throne. It was at this moment, while I was tasting the pleasure of having brought happiness to a person whom I loved, that my cruel brother came and besieged me in my Capital City, and, when he had taken it, dealt me a blow more terrible than if he had robbed me of life itself. He had the Empress bound in chains, and having loaded me with them also, had us both led out to a public Square: there he ordered one of his Slaves to bring him the head of the Princess; this Sentence made me turn pale with horror and alarm. I flung myself at his feet, offering him my own life, if he would spare that of my dear Carisime, who came to offer herself and to plead for my respite: but the Tyrant was inexorable, my grief, and the tears of a beauty so well qualified to sway his purpose only made him more savage than before. He repeated the order that he had already given; I was so overcome that I lost the use of my senses. I fell into a lethargy from which I was aroused only to learn of the tragic death of a person who was so dear to me, and I was then taken to this Island on which you find me."

This speech concluded, the Prince burst into tears, mingled with sobs and groans, the melancholy resource of the wretched. I was moved to the depths of my heart

by his misfortunes, and formed the design of punishing the cruel brother who had treated him so harshly. "Come," I said to him, "I am touched by your calamities, and you shall soon be avenged." Thereupon I transported myself with him to the Tyrant's Court, and covered him with a veil which rendered him invisible; we found that odious brother, who was surrounded by all his Courtiers: I struck him a mortal blow, of which he presently died before their eyes.

At once I revealed to them Prince Amadan. "Here is your Emperor," I said to them; "it is by my aid that he finds himself once again upon the Throne of his father. Do not preserve the memory of the Tyrant save in your loathing, and do homage to this Prince who is to reign over you; love him, or at least fear the power of a Genie such as myself, who will protect him always."

At these words, all rendered homage to their Emperor: some uttered cries of joy and came forward to embrace his knees; the rest gave thanks to me for the death of the Tyrant. Finally, the Prince ascended once again the Throne of his Ancestors. A mortal anguish was, however, displayed upon his features. "Whence comes this sorrow?" I said to him. "Has not the memory of your brother's cruelties been effaced by his blood, which you have seen to flow?" "No, mighty Genie," was his answer. "I am conscious of all that I owe to you. I know the value of the Crown that you restore to me; but it is not sufficient to calm my alarms.

"This Throne, upon which I had set a person who

was so dear to me, recalls to me incessantly the memory of her death, and that fatal loss will always be more to me than all the good fortune that may befall me during the remainder of my life. But, ye Gods! What do I behold!" he went on, gazing at a Lady who approached the Throne, supported by two of his Officers. "Is it you that I see, my dear Carisime?" With these words he hastened to meet her, and by the most tender embraces each of them gave evidence of all that a pair of Lovers feel who have believed themselves to be parted by death itself, and find themselves happy and still faithful. One of the Officers told me how the Tyrant had contented himself with making his brother mourn the death of the Empress, without having taken her life; and had merely secluded her in a remote quarter of the Seraglio; while to prevent the revolutions that he feared his other brother might stir up in the Empire, he had caused him to perish miserably.

When Amadan and Carisime had recovered from their stupefaction at so unlooked-for a felicity, they would have thrown themselves at my feet to give me thanks for the good fortune that they were enjoying. "No," I said to them, "the pleasure that I feel in having made you happy is reward enough for me." I promised that I would visit them often, and would protect them always, after which I returned to my own Palace.

THE OLD GENIE'S TALE CONCLUDED

It was there that I had experience once again of the power of Love; nothwithstanding the resolutions that I had made that I would know no more of him, he came and sought me out in my Palace. "I am overburdened with cares," he said to me. "That great city which is watered by the Seine, keeps me by itself so much occupied that often it makes me neglect a region of the Earth: lend me your aid in an affair that concerns me. Go to the shores where the Mediterranean Sea forms a considerable Gulf, and you will find a Superb City all the streets of which are formed by Canals. At one extremity of this City is a Palace governed by a Fairy whom the People there call Wisdom; there you will see a young person who has all the charms of beauty, her name is Zelmaide; she has just entered her fifteenth year; she is about to engage her heart under the laws of this Fairy whom I have named, but I intend that the laws she obeys shall be mine. Go, it is you that I charge to make her learn my power; a thousand men have eagerly besought me for this employment; have no fear of unpleasant consequences; I am your warrant against anything that may befall you."

I dared not refuse this mighty Genie, although I

knew the extremities to which he had driven me before. I flew to the Palace that he had indicated to me; there I at once recognised the young person whom he wished to captivate; I contrived to make my way into her apartment, and in time I succeeded in giving her a distaste for the place in which she was going to spend the rest of her life.

I thought at first that I had taught her to love without engaging my own heart, but I soon became aware that I had gone farther than she, or at least that I myself felt all the affection that I had inspired in her.

Already the day was at hand when she would have to go before the Throne of the Fairy to swear inviolable fidelity; but, to forestall a moment which would make her a slave for the rest of her life, I arranged with her that I should carry her off before the hour came. The day appointed for the ceremony having arrived, they adorned the young victim to lead her in triumph to the spot where she was to be immolated. Already the Minister of the Fairy was holding the dread Book in which she was to read those Characters which marked the term of her liberty, when I suddenly whipped her away from before the eyes of the assembly, and transported her to my own Palace.

There she tasted with an unbounded joy the difference between a free and merry life and the life that she had led in that abode where constraint prevailed. As a third party we had only tender Love, and never were two of the hearts that he unites more agreeably occupied with one another.

What community of spirit, what attentions did I not find in my new conquest; nothing could make her for an instant forget her beloved; she devoted every moment of the day to such actions as might assure me of her heart: this conduct charmed me, and I responded to it in my own.

But my satisfaction was not always so perfect; after a time I became aware that the continual attentions of the young person were beginning to pall upon me. I reproached myself for this alteration which I found in my heart; I recalled the anguish that I had suffered when the Queen of Achem showed a similar change in her feelings for myself. I took care that Zelmaide should not perceive this revulsion; but the heart cannot for long betray itself by concealing what it feels; and moreover she loved too well not to perceive that she was less loved than before. She made me reproaches which were all too well founded; nevertheless these very reproaches and my own remorse only gave me a greater aversion to her, and I sought for opportunities which might take me away from her.

At length, unable to constrain myself any longer, I told her one day that I was going to a City near my Palace to give certain necessary help to persons whom I had long been protecting, and that I would return shortly.

"Unhappy that I am," she said; "I knew only too well that your heart was no longer the same towards me: you are going to leave me, and a few days' absence will suffice to rob me of it altogether. Alas,

the first object that meets your eye will banish me even from your memory. You will sacrifice the tenderest and most faithful of hearts to a person unworthy perhaps of yours and one who will not love you. With what crime have I to reproach myself, save with that of having loved you too well, and of loving you still? Why had you to tear me from the bosom of my native Land to bring me to a place where you are making me so wretched. Not that I am asking you to let me return to my family, although your infidelity is causing me a cruel anguish. Alas, I feel that it would be a greater calamity still never to see you at all! At least remain near me: can pity effect nothing when affection is wanting?" With this she melted in a torrent of tears, capable of moving anyone save an unfaithful Lover.

I was touched by them, but nevertheless they had not the power to hold me back. I left her, promising that I would return to her shortly.

No sooner had I reached the City to which I had planned to go, than I proceeded to fulfil her prediction; I became enamoured of a Lady, a long way inferior to her whom I was forsaking; and, to make matters worse, I could never induce her to fall in love with me. I spared no pains; time, attentions, ardour, everything was brought to bear, and all these combined only to render me more ardent and less dear.

"How thoroughly I am expiating," I kept saying to myself, "my betrayal of the most amiable person in the world!" At length, dejected by my failure to make any progress in the heart of this new Mistress,

I made up my mind to return to her whom I had left in my Palace; the grief that I had been made to suffer had rendered me more sensitive to that which I had caused her; I returned to her side, and found her almoſt dying. The beauty of her features and her cheerful humour had given place to a thin pallor and a sombre melancholy.

I was deeply moved to see the ſtate to which I had reduced her, but feeling that my heart could not any longer be occupied with her, I had no wish to deceive her; I even confessed to her the fancy that I had taken for another Lady, and how I had been punished for it: I embraced her knees a hundred times, begging her pardon for my infidelity. "You shall be a witness, Madame," I said to her, "of my sincere repentance; I am going to make it impossible for me either to commit any infidelity, or myself to suffer from any." I then drank a potion so powerful that at once there occurred a complete change of my whole person; my face grew old, and assumed those wrinkles which advanced age brings; my body became bent, my legs grew feeble, and all my ſtrength diminished. In short, I passed in an inſtant from the luſtre of youth to the burden of old age.

This change occurred in the interior as well as on the outward surface of my person. I no longer felt in myself those quick impulses which are given by the fire of youth, that tender passion which I had so recently felt offered me now only a remote idea which barely touched me. "Complain of me no longer," I told her, in a broken and tremulous voice; "you are in

part the cause of the extreme course which I have just taken; since it is the passions that have caused the misfortunes of my life, I have decided to pass to that age which so enfeebles them that they can tyrannise over us no longer." Zelmaide's surprise was extreme. She sought to find in me that Lover who was so dear to her, and although her eyes no longer found him, her heart took pleasure in recalling his image still.

I offered her immense riches, and to transport her in an instant to whatever spot she might choose; she declined both my offers, and asked me as a sole favour to produce in her the same change that I had wrought in myself. "I have loved you too dearly," she told me, "not to attach myself altogether to your lot." I obeyed, and ever since then we have lived peacefully together, united by ties of pleasant friendship.

As for myself, the only discomfort I have since felt, has been that melancholy mood which is almost always inseparable from old age; my ruling passion at present is to relate my adventures. I spend part of the day in the open country, where I compel all the women that I meet to listen to the story of my life, and offer those of them who comply in an obliging spirit, all the assistance that I can derive from my art. I have every reason to be satisfied with your behaviour—he went on; —relate to me in your turn, your own adventures, and you may place every reliance upon my gratitude.

The Princess Zeloide, still absorbed in her own misfortunes, informed the Old Genie of everything that had befallen her from the hour of her birth;

he listened to her with emotion. "I can do nothing for you at present," he told her, "the Fairy who is protecting you is as powerful as I; I can only announce to you that the end of your calmities is at hand, and I shall be the first to congratulate you when you are at last made happy."

CONCLUSION OF THE HISTORY AND ADVENTURES OF ZELOIDE AND AMANZARIFDINE

So saying, the Genie vanished, and the Princess continued on her way, thinking over what had just occurred to her. Her meditation was interrupted by a loud noise which she heard quite close at hand. She perceived a Chariot containing three animated figures, whose exterior and the tone of their voices alarmed her, and who bade her join them. The Princess at first thought of fleeing, but remembering that she ought to surrender only to such things as filled her with horror, she went forward without hesitation and took her place amid the three Monsters. No sooner had she set her foot in their Chariot than it was whirled away with incalculable speed. She lowered her gaze, and waited with impatience for the end of so distressing a journey; at length the Chariot stopped, and the Monsters alighted; one of them helped the Princess to the ground, and they conducted her to the foot of the ramparts of a great City, which the Princess had no sooner entered than the Monsters vanished, leaving in their places round about her the King her Father, her Fairy Guardian, and the Prince her Lover. Zeloide did not know what to make of this metamorphosis; and

fearing lest it might once again be an illusion that would prove fatal to her, prepared to withdraw, but the Fairy stopped her. "Behold the remedy for your misfortunes," she said. "You have made sufficient atonement for your want of faith in my counsels; now and henceforward enjoy a happy destiny; the doom which rendered all your wishes fatal has no longer any hold over you."

The Princess went to embrace her Father, and after mutual signs of the warmest affection, the Monarch conducted her to his Palace where she was received in the arms of the Queen her Mother. There the most tender transports were repeated. "The King and Queen," the Fairy told her, "are informed of the mutual sentiments which unite you to Prince Amanzarifdine, they have learned of his birth, and of the qualities which render him worthy of you: they would consent to see the pair of you united by Hymen, had not the tyranny of fate attached to your destiny conditions which do not permit them to dream of this happy sacrifice."

The Princess was conducted to her own apartment, there to enjoy a repose of which she must have stood in great need. After which, the King, the Queen, the Fairy and the Prince took counsel together with regard to the situation. "Generous Fairy," said Amanzarifdine, "do not leave imperfect the happiness which I owe to you. Triumph, if it be possible, over the obstacles that refuse me the hand of the Princess." "I know," replied the Fairy, "the Genie whose dominion extends over all hearts, let us go and con-

sult him, perchance his Oracles will put an end to our griefs."

The Fairy's suggestion met with general approval; and the day was fixed upon which to go and interrogate the Genie; the Princess was to accompany them. The time came to start, the party mounted a Chariot belonging to the Fairy, who during their journey explained to the Princess the steps that she had taken to assemble together the King her Father and the Prince, whom she had encountered upon her way, under monstrous forms.

At length they arrived at the Genie's Palace; the roads leading to it were crowded with folk of a thousand Races; they were all following a Fairy of smiling countenance, who is named Hope, and who led them, but led them, as often as not, astray.

The King and Queen, the Fairy, the Princess and the Prince came to the foot of the Throne upon which the Genie was seated. This Throne was supported by a potent Fairy, who is named Imagination; all the impulses of mind and heart, excepting Reason, were gathered round the Fairy, who addressed the Genie as follows:

"Thou, whose empire extends over our hearts, tell us, mighty Genie, what is the true favour that a tender Mistress can accord to her whom she loves?" The Genie smiled kindly; and, gazing at the Prince and Princess, replied to the Fairy's question in one word: "Fidelity." At this a bright cloud veiled the Genie's Throne, and the Fairy took up her tale as follows:

"Your prospects have indeed altered," she said

to the Princess; "the Genie's Oracle bids you know that the true favours which make for the happiness of Lovers consist in sentiments alone; this maxim has not always been accepted by the world; but we are bound to believe the voice of love itself which has just uttered it. The proofs of Fidelity, it says, which you will give to the Prince, whom you wish for Husband, shall equal the number of Favours which you are bound to accord to him before giving him your hand. Your fate, Princess, rests thenceforth with your heart: those impulses will either hasten your wedding or postpone it for ever. You have already begun to accord to the Prince those favours which you are bound to pay, by the Fidelity that you have maintained towards him, notwithstanding the oppositions that you have encountered, which might well have made you cease to love him; but there are other trials still to which your heart has not yet been exposed; absence will procure them; therefore the Prince and yourself must be parted for a period which I am unable to determine. Come, I am going to take you to a place where your eyes will rest upon nothing that is not pleasant; you have now entered your sixteenth year, you will be able to form desires, and to gratify them; the Genie's prediction which once made them fatal to you, has no longer any power over you."

The Fairy took the Princess, after the King and Queen had taken leave of her with the warmest affection, by the hand and led her to her Chariot which they both mounted. The Prince came and threw himself at Zeloide's feet. "What, you are going away from

me ?" he said. "So I must rely only upon my heart, to help me to retain yours? I am not to be allowed to reinforce it with my attentions? Will your affection be able to survive a parting? That is the reef upon which the greatest passions almost always founder, and perhaps my heart alone will find resources with which to overcome it. I shall only love you all the more." "That is all that I could wish," said the Princess. "Do not employ these few moments that remain to us in depicting your own anxieties; give me rather some comfort in my own; and assure me that I shall always remain dear to you." The Prince, upon hearing these words, took one of the hands which the Princess herself held out to him, and kissed it a hundred times, with the transports of a man whose heart is deeply touched.

The Fairy interrupted him, saying: "Prince, do not hinder our departure any longer, you are thereby postponing the happiness for which you long. Farewell, expect one day the fulfilment of all your desires, my aid is going to hasten that moment." With this, the Fairy's Chariot, rising through the air, bore them rapidly out of sight. At length, after passing through different climes, they arrived at a City of large extent and population; it was divided in two by the clear waters of a fine River. They entered a magnificent Palace: it seemed that the Princess was expected, for no sooner had she appeared than a number of Officers came out to greet her, and escorted her to one of the apartments. "Here," said the Fairy, "is the abode that I have chosen for you ; I shall occupy it with you.

The People of this Land form their own moral codes; the majority of them know no other law than their desires: two passions only, which embody all the rest, govern their hearts absolutely, to wit self-esteem and pecuniary interest. You will make their personal acquaintance presently. You will have to associate with the women of this nation, and learn, at any rate from their example, how greatly the heart can be agitated by different changes."

They had made their abode for scarcely any time in this City before all the Nobility and Gentry of the nation and of the surrounding Countries had paid their respects to them; the majority of these spared no pains to find favour with Zeloide: entertainments and attentions of every sort were often brought to bear; and the Fairy took care to observe the number of Gentlemen who vied with one another in their efforts to captivate the heart of the Princess; she overlooked no detail of the services that they rendered her, nor of the insensibility with which the Princess regarded their affection and zeal.

Among those who formed her Court, there was one whom the Fairy herself had introduced: he was named Aristene, and had all the qualities that render a man accomplished; but he was no more favoured than the rest.

A year had now passed during which the Princess had received all this homage, without the slightest effect upon her heart. Distance had in no way diminished her affection for Prince Amanzarifdine. She spoke of him continually to the Fairy; she confessed

to her that she felt an intense joy in making a sacrifice to her Lover of all the vows that were offered to her daily. No," she told her, " since I have been parted from him, nothing has ever weighed for an instant against his claims to my heart: and if I have been capable of any other impulse, it is a certain pity which I cannot refuse to the fate of Aristene; it seems that the indifference which I show to his attentions has thrown him into the most wretched state imaginable; nevertheless that pity could never oblige me to render his lot less piteous; but if I could be capable of a change, it would be in his favour." " Ah, Princess! " replied the Fairy, " your pity seems to me suspicious! I greatly fear that Amanzarifdine has not that sovran power over your heart that you have just described to me! However that may be, I do not reproach you with it, you are now the mistress of your own wishes. And if your heart were no longer the same, and another object were to take the place in it of the Prince who was to be your Husband, I advise you not to pride yourself upon a fidelity that constrains you: we shall continue to live in this place for as long as you please, perhaps indeed events will justify only too clearly your inconstancy: the Prince may still be faithful to you, but at the same time absence has a very great influence upon our hearts; there are few whose affection at least it does not weaken." " What," replied the Princess, " would you have a mere uncertainty make me decide to change? No, I love Amanzarifdine too dearly to forget him for a single instant, and even though I could no longer have any doubt of his

infidelity, I feel that it would require a violent shock to make me imitate it; besides, even were I to lose this affection which binds me to him, how should I forget those attentions, those tears, in short all those signs of a passionate love that he has made me furnish. Ah, how enslaved must a girl of good birth be when she has made it known that she is in love; she must consider the actions that she has performed in favour of a Lover, and it is only by loving him all her life long that she is able to justify them."

Aristene joined them at this point, interrupting their conversation. An air of joy and confidence was displayed upon his features. " Madame," he said to the Princess, " I am come to tell you of an adventure which ought absolutely to determine your heart to forget that Lover who is separated from you. When you hear of the infidelity of which I am about to tell you, you will understand that the Genie who presides this year over absences has attached to them conditions so disastrous that not one of the Lovers who meet again will find a mutual fidelity." The Princess supposed that this example of infidelity of which he was seeking to tell her was only one of those vain imaginations with which her young Courtiers wearied her every day; she determined that she would listen to him without curiosity and without fear, and Aristene began his narrative as follows:

" There arrived a few days since in one of the Ports which this Realm has upon the Ocean, a Vessel returned from the Coasts of Asia; its voyage was so propitious that it took but four months to cover the

vaſt expanse: one of my brothers is in command of the Vessel, and has juſt told me the ſtory which I am about to relate.

" He embarked a year since to make the voyage to Asia, and arrived after three months within sight of Surat, where he was to land; but he was surprised by a tempeſt which obliged him to put out to the open Sea, where he drifted for many days at the mercy of the winds: the tempeſt having abated, he sought a haven of refuge in a Port which happened to be near at hand, to repair the damage which the winds and waves had done to his Ship. This Port was a long way from his deſtination; having landed, he made his way into the City, a fine place of considerable extent. As he entered it he heard a thousand cries of joy resound, he could see trophies and other erections set up in all the public Squares; he asked the cause of these rejoicings. ' It is,' he was told, ' the wedding of Prince Amanzarifdine, the son of our King. Tomorrow he is to wed the Princess of Persia.' " Zeloide turned pale at the name Amanzarifdine; the Fairy, acting in concert with her, had concealed from all the persons of their society that this Prince was deſtined to be her Husband: it was well known that she was pledged to a Prince whom she loved, but everyone was in ignorance of his Country and name, and indeed of Zeloide's. She consulted the face of the Fairy, and, as she thought that she perceived there the same anxiety that she herself felt, her diſtress became all the keener; she did not, however, attempt to interrupt Ariſtene, preferring to be relieved of an uncertainty which had

cast her into the most wretched and violent state imaginable.

" My brother," Aristene continued, " was taken to the Officer in command of the Port, who gave him shelter and everything that he required for the repair of his Vessel: in his gratitude he gave him a present of a thousand jewels, highly esteemed by that nation, tho' quite common in ours. The Officer accepted them, and told him that these presents were of such value that he should offer them to the King, and that this was an opportunity for presenting him at Court. My brother begged him to keep them, and told him that he had others as well, of which he would be charmed to make an offering to the Monarch. The Officer led him to the foot of the Throne. Prince Amanzarifdine was at the moment with the King his Father; and as he has travelled widely, and knows the Languages of almost all the peoples of the world, he addressed my brother in that which is used by our Nation: and after my brother had greeted the King, and offered his presents, took him aside to the Gardens of the Palace, to converse with him.

" ' You will have journeyed all over the world, when you have come to the end of the voyage upon which you are now engaged (said the Prince), but it can furnish you with nothing so astonishing as the story of my life; there is a feature in it which is the clearest sign of the inconstancy of men's hearts, and albeit I make myself no reproach for it, I cannot say what influence forces me to cite it as an example to persons who are unaware of it: I hope only to discredit the Genie who presides

over hearts; it is he who has forced me to commit the most shocking infidelity to a Princess worthy of undying love: certainly a prudent man ought to protect himself from being subjected to the Laws of a Genie so unjust and so capricious: at the same time I must admit that this maxim which I have laid down is more easily proposed than followed, as I have found only too well in my own case.

"'Owing to circumstances which I need not relate to you, the King my Father has been for many years obliged, by banishing me from his presence, to deprive himself of a son who is dear to him, and by whom he is tenderly loved; I travelled abroad long enough to fulfil the destiny which tore me from his arms. I landed two years since in a Kingdom where I found a whole Nation in a state of consternation and despair. Princess Zeloide, the daughter of their King, was about to be carried into the air by two birds, no one knowing to what part of the world she was to be conveyed. I was a witness of this sad spectacle; I saw this Princess at the moment of her adventure; she had all those graces which make such an impression upon our hearts, and mine felt them; I was so touched by her misfortunes and by her charms that I resolved to seek her over all the earth. After I had surmounted a thousand obstacles, I found her at last; I disclosed to her my tender feelings; she was responsive to them, to such an extent that, for having responded, she met with the most cruel calamities; any other constancy than hers would have faltered. I loved her also with the tenderest and keenest passion.

"'It is about six months since that, being obliged to part from her for a time, after which we were to be united for ever; after each of us had made protestations that we would never be unfaithful, she set off, and as for myself, I embarked a few days later to ask my Father for his Ambassadors, who were to be present at the ceremony of our marriage, to convey his consent to it. I felt for some days all the desperation that absence causes in hearts that are deeply touched; but no sooner had I arrived at this Court, than, my Father having proposed that I should marry the daughter of the King of Persia, there occurred in my heart a revolution so instantaneous at the moment when I set eyes upon that Princess, that I forgot Zeloide, to whom I had caused so many alarms: these transports of an intense love have no other object now than the Princess to whom I am to give my hand. I reproach myself at times for this infidelity; perhaps, I say to myself, Zeloide has already heard of my injustice. I know how tender she is and how faithful; she will die perhaps of grief. I have already caused her a thousand calamities. A hundred times over her beautiful eyes have shed tears, it is I that have made them flow, and in reward of all her affection a moment is enough to make me forget her. All these reflexions barely affect me. What a difference there is between commiserating a person whom we love and one to whom we are indifferent. When I was in love with her, the thought of the slightest discomfort that she might feel would afflict me with the most cruel distress; at present my remorse is based upon reason alone;

and in truth the impulses which it inspires in our hearts are so faint, that they are barely able to stir it. Agree, therefore (he concluded), that the Genie who gives rise to our affections is a strange fellow.

"The Prince invited my brother to be present next day at the ceremony. He went without fail, and saw the happy couple stand before the Altar. That ardent joy which is poured into the heart by a mutual love was clearly discernible on their features and in their speech."

Princess Zeloide who up to now had been keeping herself under control was unable to remain silent any longer. "Stop, cruel Aristene," she said, "deal me no more of these crushing blows"; so saying she burst into sobs, and finally fell in a swoon from which the Fairy restored her, by touching her with a ring which had that property; but what was the surprise of the Princess when, upon opening her eyes, all of a sudden she beheld in Aristene an entire metamorphosis of his person: there appeared in his place Prince Amanzarifdine, who threw himself at the knees of the Princess, and clasped them in a long embrace, unable to address a word to her. They remained in the transport that is caused by so violent and delightful a surprise. "Happy Lovers," the Fairy said to them, "behold the instant at which your happiness begins, nothing can ever disturb it again: do you," she said to the Princess, "forgive the Prince, concealed beneath the form of Aristene by the aid of my art, for the pain that he caused you just now; it was necessary as the final test of your fidelity; your destiny is accomplished,

and the Genie's prediction has had its effect; you were never to be united to a husband, unless you had given him A Thousand and One Favours before your marriage was celebrated; according to the Oracle of the Genie who presides over hearts, the most precious favours that a man can receive from his beloved are signs of fidelity. The Prince whom Aristene concealed from you has himself been a witness of the sacrifices that you have made for him; you have scorned a thousand and one conquests, more than content in the hope of having him for your Husband; the sum of the favours that you were to accord him is fully made up by all these signs of fidelity. What stronger or more continuous affection can ever unite a wedded pair, and how few weddings we should see, did Fate always interpose such conditions between two Lovers! As for you," she said to the Prince, " you were never to love, unless reason justified your love. The sentiments that the Princess has inspired in you, and the tenor of her conduct amply fulfil your horoscope: come, tender and estimable Lovers, let us fly to the Palace of the Princess's Father, and may the happiest of marriages unite your hearts for ever." And now the Fairy's Chariot outstrips the swiftest-flying cloud. They arrived at the Palace of Zeloide's Father, who, charmed at her return, and that he was now free to celebrate her marriage, appointed the Ceremony for the following day.

The Fairy had seen to everything, and the Ambassadors of Amanzarifdine's Father had arrived to represent him at the ceremony. At last the moment came.

The Fairy, by the aid of her art, had provided in the course of a single night everything that would be required upon so solemn a day. Already the Minister of the Genie who ties the Nuptial Bond was about to unite the Prince and Princess, when suddenly a Chariot appeared in which were seen the King, Amanzarifdine's Father, and the Queen his Mother; there were with them a Lady and a young man, both of an amazing beauty. The Queen, Amanzarifdine's Mother, presented them to the Princess: "It is with the help of these kind Lovers," she said, "that we have the pleasure of being present at your wedding." "You do not recognise me," said the young man to Princess Zeloide, "you have seen me in a very different form from that in which I appear to you to-day. I am that old Genie who put you in such a fright, and who related his adventures to you when you were wandering over that vast plain; I have grown weary of the peaceful but tedious condition to which I had reduced myself, and have realised that it was better to be agitated by the passions than to be given over to the sombre and melancholy humour of old age. This is the young person whom I transformed at the same time as myself. We have both of us found, on resuming our youth, that tender love which united us before we sacrificed it. I promised you that I would be the first to congratulate you upon reaching the end of your calamities; I am charmed to be a witness of the happiest moment of your life. I shall not offer you the aid of my art to embellish this Festivity, the presence of two such perfect Lovers gives it all the lustre that it can have,

and you find, both of you, in your hearts, all that can render its happiness perfect." Thereupon the King and Queen who had just arrived took their places upon Thrones which had immediately been set up for them; and these illustrious Lovers, by joining hands, confirmed that union which love had already formed in their hearts, and which it continued to preserve there for all the remainder of their lives.

RIVAL SOULS: A FABLE

Part I

Once upon a time the Indians, devout worshippers of Brahma, used to obtain from that god a wholly admirable favour: their souls were at liberty to leave their bodies, and to pass into others, and afterwards to return to their customary habitations. These liberated souls could also place themselves in plants, in animals, in musical instruments; range the stars and wander at their pleasure through the universe: the body, during the soul's absence, remained plunged in a sort of tranquil sleep.

This marvellous emancipation was produced only by a mysterious prayer called the Mandiran. Whether you had received this prayer by an immediate revelation from Brahma, or had learned it from one of his favourites, you had only to repeat it, and immediately your soul set itself free from its body.

The Indians did not long enjoy a privilege so reasonably envied them by other nations. The event which made Brahma decide to deprive them of it occupies one of the most important chapters in the sacred book[1] which records the adventures of the liberated souls.

[1] The Indians call this book the Puranam.

RIVAL SOULS

Formerly, in the Kingdom of Malleani[1], as soon as a girl reached her fifteenth year, her parents would present to her twelve lovers, of suitable age, birth and fortune, and these lovers would spend a year in her company without letting her out of their sight for a single moment. On the last day of this year she might declare herself in favour of one of these suitors, who, by this preference, became her husband, and debarred her for the rest of his life from having any other lover. A girl was free also not to fall in love, that is to say, to take twelve fresh lovers, and to have no husband. This custom was established with the following object. In the course of a year, a girl continually surrounded by her lovers had time to penetrate their true natures, whatever care they might take, whatever interest they might have in concealing them. Thus marriages were made as much for convenience as from inclination. Oh, what felicity followed such a marriage! If by any chance the love began to diminish, the friendship already established filled so well the place of that passion, that the couple had scarcely anything to regret.

Princess Amassita, daughter to the Sovereign of Malleani, having reached the marriageable age, the greatest Princes of India were disputing the honour of being among the number of her twelve lovers. She was well worth this rivalry: she combined with a

[1] The Kingdom of Malleani is situated in that part of India which is called the Calicut. The women in this country exercise authority over the men, choose as many of them as they wish, and treat them as slaves.

charming form a certain beauty of mind and character which obliged the vainest of women to pardon her for being more attractive than themselves.

Among the illustrious competitors who were chosen, Mazulhim, Prince of the Carnatic, and Sikandar, Prince of Balassor, soon distinguished themselves, the former by the graces with which he sought to please, and the latter by the impetuosity of his passion. This keen affection on either side did not, however, make them equal in the eyes of the Princess; Mazulhim alone interested her heart, but she dared not confess it, fearing that she might have formed too favourable an opinion of the character of this Prince: she made a point of strictly preserving in his company that outward indifference which she was expected to show to her lovers, until the moment came for her to choose her husband.

The Prince of the Carnatic was in a state of extreme agitation: by nature as modest as he was sensible, he dared not flatter himself that he enjoyed any preference over his rivals: he imagined himself every day on the eve of seeing the year of trial (thus it was that they styled the period which the twelve lovers spent in the company of the Princess) come to an end; he would not lose a single moment of it. With this object he implored the god Brahma to reveal to him the sublime prayer, and his demand was so pressing, his intentions were so pure that they produced their effect. From that moment, as soon as night fell the soul of the Prince of the Carnatic set forth and made its way into the apartment of the Princess, the entrance to which

was at that hour barred to her lovers. Mazulhim was spared by this device moments of separation which he would have found insupportable: but among his competitors, he was not alone in possessing this independence of soul; Sikandar had long enjoyed it: he had corrupted, by lavishing upon him the treasures of Golconda[1], a penitent[2] loved of Brahma, and this faithless favourite had at length taught him the Mandiran.

The Princess tried in vain to conceal her affection for the Prince of the Carnatic; it was revealed by many signs which she alone failed to observe. This is the common illusion of lovers; they imagine that their secret has not escaped, so long as they have not given themselves the satisfaction of betraying it. Mazulhim thought that he could detect this preference, but this flattering idea soon vanished: uncertain as to what he might venture to promise himself, he needed, to secure his peace of mind, a word from the lips of the Princess. Ah ! How was he to obtain it? Amassita never saw her lovers save when they were assembled together and spoke to them only in public; so that each had always his rivals as an audience.

One day when they were with the Princess, Mazulhim thought of a way of obtaining a private conversation with her. The talk turned, as was the regular custom, upon the charms of Amassita. " Madame,"

[1] It is in the Kingdom of Golconda that the diamond mines are found.

[2] Penitents are, in the Indian mythology, what the Heroes were in relation to the Greek gods. These penitents, although mortal, rival at times the power of the gods.

said the Prince of the Carnatic, " not daring to presume that our continual homage pleases you, we have good reason to fear that you find it tedious. You never hear anything but praise, but protestations which are perhaps exaggerated: not that you are not worthy of the most flattering eulogies and the most tender vows; but it is not granted to all lovers to express happily what they feel. You find among us nothing but anticipations of your wishes which leave you no opportunity to wish for anything, and there are people who try our patience when they read our thoughts. It is certain at least that if one of your lovers is fortunate enough to arouse your interest by this extreme zeal in your service, the other eleven must become all the more intolerable to you. Dare I suggest to you a way of sparing yourself these homages which evidently annoy you? Permit each of your lovers, to-day, to talk to you for a quarter of an hour only with a certain freedom: this will give their love a chance of appearing in all sincerity. This quarter of an hour at an end, the attentions, the little services which are so tedious, the vows repeated and multiplied when you have not asked for them, the veiled compliments which offend a delicate sensibility, instead of flattering it; in short all that common rhetoric of affection will no longer be permitted them, they will have to keep themselves in check; in this way, jollity, wit, the resources of the imagination will take the place of the serious element in love: the most tedious quality in a lover whose love is not returned. My heart urges me to propose to you this treatment of your lovers only because it is

more occupied with your happiness than with its own. I shall no doubt suffer extremely from having to remain silent; but if I am not fortunate enough to deserve some preference, to refrain from speaking to you ever again of my affection is the only proof that I can give you of it without incurring your displeasure."

The Princess showed surprise at Mazulhim's speech. "Your idea," she replied, "is, after all, most reasonable. It is true that if my heart were already decided, the lover towards whom it inclined would be as reticent as the rest, and his silence I might find even less endurable than the tedium of listening to his rivals. I accept nevertheless the scheme that your prudence has made you imagine, I do not wish to be any less reasonable than yourself." The Princess assumed a serious air as she ended this speech, not realising that her seriousness might be mistaken for a reproach. Amassita began that same day to hold this sort of private audience which she had just promised: the time spent hitherto in taking the air, and in pastimes was devoted to listening to her lovers. The rivals of the Prince of the Carnatic had the first moments, which the Princess often used her authority to cut short. Sikandar approached her, showing a considerable assurance that he was not loathed. Since by virtue of the different metamorphoses which he was able to undergo, he had the faculty of entering Amassita's apartment, when she was alone with her women, he had remarked that the Princess would drift into a kind of abstraction which did not by any means appear to indicate boredom: He explained this

disturbance favourably for himself, whereas the Prince of the Carnatic, who never ventured to flatter himself so far, was solely responsible for it. The Princess listened to him without once replying; and no sooner was the quarter of an hour ended than: "Remember," she said to him, "that for the rest of the year I am dispensed from the necessity of listening to you." The Prince of the Carnatic then appeared, Sikandar withdrew, and the rest of her lovers observed with dismay this private conversation, the last that Amassita was to grant to any of them.

Mazulhim came up in his turn, but with an inward discomfort which prevented his remarking that the Princess's countenance showed but little more assurance than his own. "Madame," he said to her, "at this moment I am reduced to despair by the rule which I persuaded you to prescribe: this is perhaps the last occasion on which I can tell you that I love you. What is to become of me, if your choice falls upon any other than the most tender of your lovers?" Then, as he fixed his eyes upon those of the Princess, his anxiety increased, and he lapsed into silence. Amassita, who seemed to be entirely taken up with the flowery carpet upon which they were treading, was in a state of anything but distraction: she no longer felt, as she had felt when listening to her other admirers, an impatience for the conversation to come to an end: she had found that they introduced into their speech too great an anxiety to appear enamoured, and even more desire to find favour: Mazulhim's speech did not seem to her tender enough; she turned her eyes

to his, without, however, discovering quite what she sought in them; and seeing that he still remained silent: "You have only a quarter of an hour," she reminded him. With these words, her embarrassment increased, and she in her turn remained for a moment without speaking. "Fair Amassita," Muzulhim replied with greater assurance, "oh, why make me feel more keenly how short a time it is to last, this moment in which I can speak to you without having my hated rivals for an audience? Ah, if I were the lover whom you prefer, how easy it would be for you to rid me of my uncertainty, without letting anyone in the world know of my good fortune! I have obtained from the God of our souls the power to dispose of my own; separated from the body that confines it, it dwells almost incessantly in your Palace. Only last night, all the ideas, all the images which you in your sleep regarded only as dreams wafted to you by chance, were a conversation between my soul and yours: they deliberately chose the most agreeable impressions that they could make upon your imagination: a person like yourself has not a single moment upon which a soul that adores you does not hasten to seize; it does not behold a single object that is not wholly absorbed in it. This morning, I was that bird which had learned only to repeat your name, and surprised you by all the tender things that it said to you. Sometimes, among those flowers that you tend with your own hands, you are surprised one day when you see one rise up and burst into blossom before your eyes. When you draw sweet sounds from one of those musical instruments that you love, you

observe that all the rest respond to you. It is my soul, it is always a soul over which you reign, that is acting, speaking in all those bodies, and for your amusement producing marvels of this sort. How happy those moments make me! Not venturing to flatter myself that it is I whom you love, I have at least the pleasure of becoming everything that renders life pleasant to you." "What! You are always where I am?" replied the Princess. "Yes, fair Amazon," answered Mazulhim; "it was the affection which you inspire in me that made me desire this freedom of soul which I have obtained, and I have never made any use of it save to remain in your presence. Deign to share with me so admirable a property; it is secured by a few words which you have only to hear once to remember them for the rest of your life. Brahma, in revealing them to me, bestowed on me only the half of their benefit, if he did not reserve for me the happiness of teaching them to you. Thinking of the advantages of setting your soul free to range the universe, of making it independent. . . ." "No," the Princess interrupted him, "if I were to dispose of mine, it would only be in concert with yours; my soul would always wish to be accompanied by yours . . ." Amassita, as she uttered these words, perceived that she had let her secret escape her, but she had no time to reproach herself; the quarter of an hour was already at an end, she made haste to learn the consecrated words: she arranged that, that same evening, as soon as her women supposed her to be asleep, her soul would go forth to join that of the Prince of the Carnatic,

and they would choose the Morning Star as their meeting place. The Princess withdrew to her apartment, Mazulhim returned to his palace; neither of them could breathe until the day had ended, and this day seemed never to end.

Night came, however; Mazulhim's soul had long since set forth; at last it saw the Princess's soul arrive: they joined, or rather melted into each other; they tasted that joy, that profound satisfaction, which those lovers who are not so fortunate as to know how to rid themselves of their bodies, can never hope to learn. It is easy to believe that the night passed for them in a flash.

It was time to return. The Princess wished, before it should be time for her to rise, to re-enter her body which she had left lying in her bed. The lovers promised each other a similar meeting for the night following: they set forth together for Malleani, and parted only at the moment of re-entering their habitations.

One would suppose that a union in which the soul alone takes part would be exempt from the revolutions that persecute the ordinary lover; but love never proceeds without some trouble. What a surprise for the Princess's soul when, returning to her apartment, she saw her body already awake and surrounded by her women who were engaged in dressing it ! The Prince of Balassor, by means of a metamorphosis, had overheard the lovers when they made an appointment to meet upon the Morning Star, and no sooner had the Princess's soul set forth than his had taken its place.

And so Amassita's soul found itself obliged to seek another habitation than its own; for a soul cannot resume possession of its own person, nor take possession of another's, unless that person be vacant. The Princess did not know how to dispose of her own soul without the guidance of her lover's; she remained in a state of uncertainty, straying to and fro, forming a thousand plans, and adhering to none of them.

It seems surprising that a soul which could act freely should not at once find a method of extricating itself from the difficulty: but such is the destiny of souls given over entirely to love; they so thoroughly neglect all the other operations of which they are capable, that they can do nothing else than love.

Mazulhim came at the usual hour to see the Princess; he felt that delicious joy which the most discreet lovers have such difficulty in concealing when their happiness begins. How astonished he was not to find in Amassita that sweet and dignified character which was so natural to her? The Princess gazed at him with an air of scorn and spoke to him in a sharp tone, while to the rest of her lovers she behaved with a wanton coquetry. Thus it was that the soul of the Prince of Balassor was maliciously making the false Princess behave, so as to reduce Mazulhim to despair.

The Prince of the Carnatic knew nothing of this transformation; he was unable to believe it. "Is it to hide our private understanding," he asked himself, "that she is affecting this indecent attitude towards my rivals? How greatly she is mistaken! If they have

discovered her preference for myself, they will think that she is a coquette as well: that is all that she will gain from this false subtlety." Thus Mazulhim, in suspecting the Princess, fell farther and farther into error: and many lovers in similar circumstances have been, like him, so imprudent as to believe that coquetry can never be excusable in a woman. Sikandar read in his rival's eyes all the grief of which he was the cause, and felt no less intense a joy in the soul with which he was animating the body of the Princess. To deal Mazulhim a final and irremediable blow, he summoned the Brahmins; they were the custodians of the laws. " Although the year is not yet at an end, " he said to them, " I have made up my mind, subject to your consent, to declare which of my lovers I prefer." The Brahmins, thinking that they were listening to their sovereign, applauded this proposal. The false Princess named the Prince of Balassor, and the day on which the wedding was to be celebrated was announced.

After taking this action, so fatal to Mazulhim and Amassita, Sikandar's soul left her body; and immediately the soul of the Princess, which had been watching for the moment at which to re-enter her person, took possession of it without fail: but all the perfidies of which the Prince of Balassor had already been guilty were not enough to appease his fury. It was a small matter to him that he had obtained, by an odious betrayal, the certainty of enjoying the Princess; he was bent, still further, upon sowing, between her and his rival, the seeds of a hatred which

must endure. While he was pondering this scheme, his soul perceived that of the Prince of the Carnatic, which in its anxiety had taken leave of its body, and was now about to return to it. At once Sikandar's soul joined Mazulhim's, and seized with such precision the moment at which the latter was re-entering his person, that they both established themselves in it together. The soul of the Prince of the Carnatic was in despair at finding itself in such hateful company; but how was he to get rid of his companion? It might well prove dangerous, were he to yield his place to the other. And so these two souls remained shut up together without any mutual relations: they resolved to injure each other as far as possible, by the action that they would take with their common organism. There was but a single operation to which they could devote themselves in concert; namely, to think of the Princess, and to represent for her benefit the Prince of the Carnatic.

And so these two rivals in a single person betook themselves to Amassita's palace. As soon as the Princess beheld Mazulhim, she made every effort to justify the choice that she appeared to have made before the Brahmins. The Prince of the Carnatic, moved by the grief of the Princess, would have flung himself at her feet; but the other soul which was working in him independently always interfered with the movements which the Prince of the Carnatic sought to express. If he swore to the Princess that he would love her all his life long, the other soul made him adopt a tone of irony which seemed to

redargue the meaning of his words. This offensive exterior, which the Princess never failed to perceive, wounded her deeply; she heaped reproaches upon Mazulhim. The Prince was in despair when he saw her so mistaken; but at the moment when he was reassuring her by the most tender speeches, the enemy soul invested him in an air of distraction and falsehood which added to the heat of their quarrel. In short these two lovers discovered themselves to be in the most singular and the most cruel situation imaginable. The malignity of the soul of the Prince of Balassor created between them disunion and desperation.

The people of Malleani were extremely surprised when they observed these contrasts in the behaviour of the Prince of the Carnatic; they had not yet learned that in a lover irregularities and inconstancy are merely the work of an alien soul which makes him act against his will, while the true soul remains ever faithful.

Mazulhim and Amassita being thus set at cross-purposes, Sikandar supposed that he need only re-appear in his customary form; he parted company with the soul of his rival: it was the very day that had been appointed for the wedding of the Princess. The Brahmins assembled, and the ceremonies began. What a situation for the Prince of the Carnatic! The Princess was still furious with him: misled by the error into which the soul of Sikandar, joined with that of her lover, had driven her, she thought now only of how to forget Mazulhim; she let herself be attired in the veil of Felicity, for so it was that they styled the

garment worn at this ceremony. She was led to the Temple of the Two Immortal Spouses, whose unalterable union and happiness diffuse through the universe the charm of loving. The Prince of Balassor walked by the side of the Princess; and Mazulhim, who saw his doom now assured, followed lost in the crowd, and plunged in the keenest grief.

The Chief Brahmin made Amassita take her seat upon a throne, with the unworthy lover who was to become her husband. The dismay of the Princess was increased by this spectacle. A torrent of tears gushed from her eyes. One must have had experience of her situation to appreciate the full horror of it. To a very tender soul the torment of believing him whom she loves to be faithless is no doubt fearful. There is, however, a torment more fearful still: it is the moment at which, her heart filled with thoughts of the ungrateful wretch, she must make up her mind to pledge her faith to another. The Princess could not carry out this project; she hurriedly repeated the Mandiran, and her soul at once took its flight. Mazulhim, whose eyes were fastened upon her, seeing her overcome by that slumber which indicates the departure of a liberated soul, at once disposed of his own; and both of them without a thought of what might happen to their bodies, went, as though they had arranged it in concert, to that star upon which they had had their first meeting. The ceremony ceased, and Sikandar was left in consternation, unable yet to imagine what action he ought next to take.

Part II

The soul of the Princess and that of the Prince of the Carnatic repaired in an instant to the Morning Star: there, those delicious ecstasies, reserved for souls, succeeded the cruel agitations that had been troubling them; neither of them had now any doubt as to the maintenance of their mutual loyalty. "How did we not discover sooner," said Amassita, "the deceits that the Prince of Balassor was employing to separate us? We must, for the future, be very careful of the power which he abuses." "Alas!" Mazulhim rejoined, "what an occupation, this distrust and anxiety, for two souls which Brahma has destined to love each other! Their affection would so amply suffice them for every moment of their time!" "Doubtless," replied Amassita, "two souls could spend ages in each other's company, always with undiminished ardour. What a pity that their bodies should tease them and lead them astray so often by the errors to which they give rise! Our bodies are almost always enslaved by the objects which usually surround them, and those objects give them such false ideas of happiness!" "It is true," Mazulhim answered, "that our bodies often take command of our souls, and one cannot sufficiently pity those lovers who are never able to rid themselves of their physical selves. Why am I not free to abandon mine without ever returning to it! Why cannot you too refrain

from resuming yours! But let us think no more of this, our captivity is Brahma's doing, let us endure it without complaining of him; our sufferings will be lightened by the pleasure of remaining faithful to him." "Can one ever cease to be faithful to him?" replied Amassita. "I am as little able to conceive how anyone can bring himself to displease the God who gives us our intelligence, as I am to foresee the possibility of my ceasing to love you."

The conversation between these two lovers had continued for the space of about sixty suns, when they remembered that the date of the Feaſt of Thanksgiving was at hand. This Feaſt was celebrated by all the souls which enjoyed the gift of freedom. They used to repair to the Throne upon which Brahma is surrounded by sixty thousand goddesses,[1] all of whom love him without diſtraction or jealousy. There, these favoured souls would meditate in concert upon that marvellous prayer which had been revealed to them, and in their ecſtasy the different degrees of pleasure which they severally felt had certain relations in common which formed an admirable harmony.

No sooner had Amassita and Mazulhim appeared at the Feaſt than they won a smile from Brahma; for this God regards the souls of ruling Princes with special favour, when they are endowed with honourable and beneficent virtues. The soul of the Prince of Balassor attraſted only a ſtern glance; the sixty thousand

[1] According to the religion of the Indians, these goddesses inhabit the heaven of one of their principal gods, named Deundiren. We have taken the liberty of transporting them to Brahma's palace.

goddesses, upon catching sight of him, averted their eyes, unable to endure the sight of a soul that persecuted her whose love it was unable to win.

Amassita and Mazulhim, remarking the nature of Sikandar's reception, feared lest he might have incurred it by some fresh act of injustice. These two souls had left their bodies in the power of this traitor; they immediately turned their intelligence to the circle of events, that is to say, the dome with which the throne of Brahma is crowned. There it is that everything which happens in the inhabited world is depicted in turn and remains represented: a highly amusing spectacle for the sixty thousand goddesses.

Of what fresh calamities did our two lovers learn! They saw Sikandar animating the body of the Princess with the help of a free soul which was subject to himself; it was that of a female inhabitant of Balassor. Mazulhim next perceived this false Amassita surrounded by Brahmins; they were fixing the day upon which Prince Sikandar was to receive her vows, if she still preferred him to the rest of her lovers.

While they were contemplating these events, the Feast came to an end; they were obliged to leave Brahma's palace, without having been able to inform themselves of Sikandar's further treacheries. They hastened back to Malleani, with the intention of returning to their own bodies; but what a heap of obstacles prevented them! Amassita found her person animated already by the soul of the woman from Balassor. Mazulhim's condition was no less embarrassing; he could not discover what had become of his person. In

this situation, the two souls seeing that of Sikandar on the point of returning to his body, joined it, notwithstanding all the reasons that they had for hating him, and obeying an inspiration which they believed to have been sent them by Brahma, entered with that hostile soul into the body of their persecutor.

It was the very day announced by the Brahmins for the wedding of the Princess. The false Amassita repaired to the temple, and Sikandar followed her. The two souls, united with the soul of that Prince, hastened to take this common action in the unanimity of their desires, without stopping to consider what might be its consequences : they were guided solely by that secret confidence which pure souls so rightly possess in the bounty of the God who enlightens them.

The Princess who now appeared before the Brahmins was very different from the true Princess. They could recognise in her, it is true, the form of those features which made Amassita the most beautiful person in the fourteen Worlds;[1] but those features had no longer any of the charm which sets beauty above all other advantages. They lacked those graces, that intelligence, which our soul alone can infuse into our outward person, and which indicate the degree of excellence with which it is endowed.

An even more remarkable difference was that the Amassita animated by a strange soul was of a character diametrically opposed to that of the Princess.

[1] The Indians imagine fourteen worlds, seven superior and seven inferior. This system is called Pulaham.

The true Amassita was born with that sound judgment, without which the intellect, however eminent it may be, is merely a talent which may enjoy moments of success, but which invariably ends by making itself hated. No one was better able to distinguish both merits and imperfections; no one, at the same time, was more indulgent. Responsive to the charm of the imagination, she was still more affected by qualities of character. Possessing virtues, a man was certain to redeem in her eyes all such defects as were simply a want of attraction. In short, she combined two advantages which are but rarely seen together: a merit which effaces that of other people, and the power to make herself loved.

The person from Balassor possessed nothing but an active mind. Born with a latent tendency to dullness, her mood was generally harsh and contradictory. There was but one kind of merit that found favour with her, which was that of giving amusement, and she was pitiless in her insistence that you should never cease to amuse. If you were so unfortunate as to allow her to decline for an instant into that languor which was both natural and insupportable to her, at once you appeared to her, in mind and body, a sort of monster which she would have crushed with the same satisfaction that she would have felt in immortalising you in the moments in which you possessed the secret of winning her favour.

These marked contrasts between the two Amassitas did not prevent the people of Malleani from imagining that they still beheld their revered Sovereign: they

thought merely that for some little time the Princess had borne but a distant resemblance to her former self.

And so we see the false Amassita in the temple amid the Brahmins and the great ones of the realm. She is raising her voice to declare that she is more than ever determined to take as her husband the Prince of Balassor. She added to this declaration several expressions of contempt for Mazulhim's pretensions, swearing that she had never loved him, and this in the presence of numberless persons who were aware of all the passionate love that the Princess had shown for him. This conduct made them imagine a strain of falsehood in Amassita, from which she had always been entirely free. The Brahmins in the mean time made Sikandar come forward: they asked him, according to their custom, whether the avowal that the Princess had just made were not the fulfilment of all his wishes. The spectators waited with close attention: a single word uttered by Sikandar would assure his felicity. What was the surprise of the Brahmins and the court! Sikandar remained for some time motionless, disturbed apparently by conflicting thoughts. At length he found words, and with an extraordinary volubility embarked upon a speech in which they could perceive flashes of reason which at once faded away. At times he addressed himself. "Sikandar," he would say, "you are a mighty Prince, you are entitled to every sort of respect, but not to any esteem." In so saying he declared openly that mortifying testimony which vicious souls are forced secretly to bear against themselves. The two souls that were at work in this body

made use of his organs to interrupt the sequence of the ideas which his own soul inspired in him, thus producing a confusion which made him completely unintelligible.

The Brahmins, astonished at this disorder, the like of which they had never yet seen, regarded it as a malady to which they gave the name of madness. Brahma did not allow them at the time to perceive that what appeared to them so irrational in Sikandar was merely a quite rational conversation between two souls anxious to thwart the plans of a third, a complication which hardly ever fails to ensue, when a number of souls find themselves assembled in a single body.

The apparent madness of Sikandar made the Brahmins decide to postpone the ceremony, and the two united souls continued to impede all the movements which his own might prompt. At times, inspired principally by the soul of Amassita, Sikandar assumed an exterior and a form of speech which, being suited only to a woman, made him extremely ridiculous. He would complain that he was an unfortunate Princess and compose a romance upon the curse of beauty. At other moments he would speak in glowing terms of an assignation that he had had upon the Morning Star, and would at once proceed to give a description of the most serious and tender fidelity.

A number of the persons of the court regarded at first as a pleasantry this serious and consequential way of saying things that were either extravagant, or obscure, or impossible to believe; and called it *persiflage*. But seeing that Sikandar used no other

language, they decided that a consistent *persiflage* amounted to delirium. In fact, the Prince had become the laughing stock of small minds, and an object of pity to the intelligent, who were not yet aware of his vicious character.

While the situation in which Sikandar was placed continued to astonish part of the court and to amuse all the rest (for at this court they showed an incredible zeal in seizing upon any opportunity for amusement); in the mean time, let me tell you, the order of events, or rather the special favour of Brahma, recalled the alien soul that was engaged in impersonating Amassita. At that instant the souls of the Princess and of the Prince of the Carnatic parted from the soul of Sikandar, and flew in concert to enter the body of the charming Amassita.

The Prince of Balassor thus found himself in the exclusive possession of his own soul. He did not, however, resume to a sufficient extent the outward appearance, or the speech of common reason to efface altogether the impression of the sort of madness to which he had fallen a victim; he still retained a good number of odd habits. Often our bodies contract habits of which our souls are scarcely conscious. Moreover, even though there had remained in the Prince no trace of his recent condition, the reluctance with which our fellow-men allow themselves to be dissuaded from an idea which gives them the right to look down upon us would have sufficed to make the rest only half aware of his return to reason.

Amassita, finding herself more fortunately situated,

had forgotten all her past calamities: embodying in herself the soul of her lover, she was enjoying a felicity the like of which she had never before known. Those mortals who lead the most pleasant lives derive their pleasures only from certain external objects which are ever on the point of escaping them, and, if they do not give place to others, soon become insipid, not to say insupportable. Amassita, to enjoy perfect contentment, had no need of aught but herself: she found in herself at once the source of her happiness and the pleasure of communicating it; a pleasure without which a truly sensitive soul can never be perfectly happy. All the impulses by which her soul was charmed passed, therefore, without cessation or alteration into that other soul which gave rise to them, and the transports of that beloved soul were at the same instant, and without interruption, reflected in hers. How unfortunate that so pure, so peaceful a union is not the portion of more lovers! A woman of this age, who had felt the charm of such a relation, would regard with a complete and quite reasonable disdain the talent of attiring herself to the best advantage, and the satisfaction of infuriating the other women by attracting every male eye. The men most in the fashion might put up their glasses to quiz her, show a marked preference for her, might even write her affectionate notes in which they promised to sacrifice everything for her; she would allow them to do so with complete unconsciousness of what they were doing. Were one to mention to her, for example, one of those confidences which a favoured lover imparts to a number of his real friends; of those

indiscretions which may enhance the charms of the person whose frailty one has discovered; she would consider quite sincerely that such conduct is never pardonable: in short she would regard her fellow-women as dupes, who think that life consists in nothing but day-dreams.

This inward bliss, while it ensured the Princess's happiness, diminished the happiness of those who were so fortunate as to have regular access to her person. It was plain that it required an effort for her to bestow a glance, to turn her attention for a few moments to those whom she had previously taken most closely into her confidence. This change was observed with regret; for, as she had been seen to be capable of friendship, people loved her as though she had been any of her own subjects. "She used to be responsive," they would say; "nowadays everything round about her is more or less the same to her; and so nothing interests her." What is more surprising still is that this opinion as to the character of Princesses still obtains in polite society: many people believe in all sincerity that a Princess is capable of loving nobody but herself.

Mazulhim's soul, albeit as responsive as that of the Princess, was not enjoying so tranquil a bliss; its destiny was to inhabit the body which Brahma had allotted to it; it was separated from that body, and desired to rejoin it.

If any ordinary lovers had witnessed his unrest, without being aware of its true cause, they would have decided that Mazulhim did not feel that affection for

the Princess which she had for him. It is probably from a similar misjudgment that the common supposition arises: that, of two lovers, there is always one who is more in love than the other.

The Princess soon remarked the very pardonable anxiety that was teasing Mazulhim; she caused the most thorough search to be made for the body of her lover. Her efforts proved futile; Sikandar, who had made off with the body, had confided his secret to no one else, and Sikandar was preparing for his rival sufferings more painful still. In India, and especially among the people of Malleani, the gift of being able to liberate one's soul so as to range the universe appeared the greatest bliss desirable: as soon as they had the slightest expectation of obtaining this favour, they were no longer answerable for their reason. They were indeed so candid in this respect, that if you had said to the most virtuous lady at Court: "Confess frankly; whatever the price demanded of you, if somebody offered to tell you the secret of liberated souls, would you have the courage to refuse?" she would certainly have replied: "I hope that nobody will ever propose to tell me it." All the rest would have cried: "Oh, if some one only would!" But the matter was rarely discussed; it was known that the souls thus favoured might not, without running the risk of displeasing the god Brahma, communicate so great a boon.

No fear, however, of angering the god of souls had restrained the Prince of Balassor. Sacrificing everything to his passion, he had won over the majority

of the Brahmins and of the great ones of the State, by revealing to them the sublime prayer: all of them had promised him that they would force the Princess to wed him.

Amassita had still no suspicion of the calamity that threatened her. "Our fate is pleasant enough," she said one day to the soul of Mazulhim: "while we wait until, by the bounty of Brahma, your person is restored to us, we shall be passing the days in that intimate union which is so precious to us: the people of Malleani love me; they will never allow a Prince whom I hate to become their Monarch; I shall not belong to the cruel Sikandar." As she was ending this speech, the Brahmins appeared with those others of her subjects who were partners in the conspiracy, and carrying their infidelity so far as to arm themselves with the name of a God whom they were betraying, they declared to the Princess on behalf of Brahma that she must immediately come to the temple. In the confusion caused by this solemn command, she let herself be led to the foot of the statue of the God of Souls. There, the Chief Brahmin having placed by her side the perfidious Sikandar, they began the ceremony of marriage. Amassita at once recovered her wits. "Oh, people of Malleani," she cried, "be moved by the fate of your Princess; the happiness of her life is at stake." She then declared in what fashion Sikandar, possessing like herself a knowledge of the Mandiran, had employed the power of that admirable prayer only to help him in dishonest actions. "Consider," she went on, "the horror of my position: I have never

preferred, I do not love any man but the Prince of the Carnatic. If you force me to be united to Sikandar, I have already confessed to you that, favoured by the God of Souls, I possess the secret of letting mine fly from my body: the marriage that is to bind me to a lover whom I detest will deliver up to him my bodily shell alone: my faith, my vows, in short my soul, will always remain outside it. "Cease to withstand the God of Souls," said the Chief Brahmin, interrupting the Princess: "It is the will of Brahma that your marriage be celebrated." So saying he took the hand of the Princess, and that of Sikandar. Thereupon the temple shook, the roof opened, and from the heart of a cloud emerged four elephants, of the sort that are represented upholding the fourteen worlds[1]. The cloud gradually melting away, the body of Mazulhim appeared in a chariot, and, suddenly animated with life: "Die," he said to the Brahmins, "and may your souls pass a thousand ages in the vilest bodies." Instantly, all the Brahmins who had meddled in the conspiracy expired. It was Brahma Himself that was animating the body of Mazulhim. The God next said: "May the Mandiran be obliterated for ever from the memory of mortals, since this favour has become a means of playing me false. And do thou," he continued, addressing Sikandar, "cease to enjoy the rank to which I exalted thee. Become an ordinary mortal, and may thy soul, ever more enamoured of the charms of Amassita, be incessantly aware of the un-

[1] The Indians believe that the fourteen worlds are supported upon a mountain of gold, upheld by eight elephants.

speakable happiness which the Princess is about to enjoy with thy rival. Whatever be thy crimes, thou shalt have sufficient punishment. An eternal jealousy is the greatest of all torments." Hereupon, Brahma appeared in the midst of the sixty thousand goddesses; he himself joined together Amassita and Mazulhim. What a moment for them was this, of a union so ardently desired! What blissful days they spent together! We find engraved in the annals of Malleani: "Amassita and Mazulhim loved one another as though they had been so fortunate as to possess nothing but their souls."

FAIRY GIFTS: OR THE POWER OF EDUCATION

A Tale

Among various Sovereigns who in days of old reigned in Arabia, Princess Zoraide was celebrated for the friendship that she had contracted with two Fairies. She was well qualified to find favour in the sight of these Intelligences, who at that time exercised their power over mortals with the sole object of making them happy. A short time after the loss of her husband, which afflicted her deeply, this Princess became the mother of twin sons; and feeling that the end of her life was at hand, which all the art of the Fairies was powerless to avert, she addressed them as follows:

"I leave behind me two infants in the cradle, both of whom are destined by our laws to reign at one and the same time. You know better than we that the merits or defects of Sovereigns shed a good or evil influence over their subjects. You have loved me too well to refuse me, in my last moments, the consolation of being able to flatter myself that my children will promote the welfare of the States which I bequeath to them. You will endow each of them with the qualities which make men worthy of supreme authority."

One of the Fairies, who was named Zulmane, went to the cradle, and touching with her wand the elder of the Princes, said: "O child born to reign, a mighty Fairy endows thee; she gives thee intellect, valour and probity." So saying, she flew back to the Empire of the Fairies. There, upon a table of emerald, upon which are inscribed the gifts that they make to Sovereigns, she engraved those with which Alcimedor (such was the Prince's name) had been favoured.

The second Fairy, who was named Alsime, remained silent, fixing her gaze alternately upon each of the Princes. "What!" said Zoraide, "is my younger son to derive nothing from your power? While his brother shines with all the qualities that compose true Monarchs, is this one to display none but the most ordinary virtues? Is it at this moment (the last, it may be, that remains to me) that I am to cease to be dear to the most helpful of Fairies, the generous Alsime?"

"How greatly you are mistaken!" replied the Fairy. "My silence presaged nothing of ill-omen to Prince Asaid, your younger son. I was seeking to discern in the future what is to be his brother's destiny. It appears that Zulmane has endowed him with everything that should render a Prince accomplished. All of her gifts will have their effect; but will they be sufficient? I trust she is not mistaken as to the success that she expects from them! I shall employ my lore far more profitably in Asaid's favour. At this moment, when he is still newly born, it would be futile, perhaps, for me to endow him with the happiest qualities. The

impressions that he will receive in time to come from the objects that surround him, a thousand different obstacles might alter the effect of my gifts, were I to leave him to his own devices." With this she took the Prince in her arms: "Oh precious offspring of the mortal whom I have most dearly loved," she said, "I shall pour incessantly into thy soul those invisible philtres which develop the virtues and kill the seeds of vice. I shall not let thee out of my sight for an instant, until the time comes when thou shalt be worthy to reign."

On hearing so interesting a promise, Zoraide felt a transport of joy, which, as it put an end to her life, made her last moments exquisitely pleasant. The Fairy, whom she held clasped in her embrace, saw her soul, which, rising upon its wings of immortality, returned to the centre of the Light from which it had descended upon earth.

Alsime took up the reins of government during the childhood of the two Princes; and, respecting the province of Zulmane, confined her attention to the elder to the preservation of his life, while she reserved for the younger all those secrets of her art which served to adorn the human soul.

The two Sovereigns arrived in time at an age of maturity. Alcimedor showed early a contempt for danger, or rather seemed to expose himself to it unconsciously. He continued to show a greater intelligence than was to be expected at the various ages through which he passed in succession; but it became evident that in him the intellect was nothing more than

a talent by which he was controlled, and not a light of which he made use according to his own judgment. It was recognised, in short, that he lacked none of the gifts with which Zulmane had endowed him, but that these gifts did not fulfil the conception that had been formed of them: nobody, however, ventured to offer him advice, out of respect for the Fairy who had endowed him.

With regard to Asaid, his mind had developed by quite ordinary degrees; but in his various branches of progress he had acquired an admirable character. It was certainly no dazzling evidence of superiority that shone in him; one discovered in him what is even more characteristic of superiority, an enlightened mind, impartial, and seasoned with charm. This fortunate assemblage of qualities was the fruit of the first impressions that the Fairy had given him, and had taken care to bring to perfection. Alsime had made this Prince two presents of incalculable value. The first was a glass which had this marvellous faculty: as soon as you had acquired the habit of looking into it, you had only to gaze fixedly at yourself in order to behold yourself at the same time as you were and as you thought yourself to be. The other gift was a sort of microscope, which enabled you to distinguish in the most attractive objects anything that was deceitful and chimerical. It appears that if you made a habitual use of this secret, since almost all our pleasures are tempered with illusions, you soon sank into a state of insipid indifference. But the miscroscope enlarged only those illusions that are dangerous to society;

those which could harm no one but yourself, it left to your reason to detect. These precious gifts have remained upon earth; it is a pity that we have almost entirely reversed the method of employing them.

The two Princes, having reached their eighteenth year, the Fairy declared that from that instant they must each take upon himself the considerable burden of government. "I am no longer permitted," she said to Asaid, "to remain by your side; but I shall frequently descend from the luminous Region in which the Fairies behold in a single glance all that is happening upon earth; I shall come down to enjoy with the Prince whom I have trained, and love, the felicity that he will maintain in this Empire." So saying she rose into the air, borne upon an azure cloud, and vanished.

And so the sovereign power was divided equally between Alcimedor and Asaid. Each of them had a tender regard for the other; both of them desired to reign with equity; both of them acted with this object in view; but there was no resemblance between their two characters: and it frequently occurs that, given common principles, and even an equal enlightenment, a difference in character creates a still greater difference in conduct.

Alcimedor, resolute in the execution of his projects, whenever they appeared to him to be equitable, never gave sufficient thought to the disadvantages that might accrue from them. Did his ambition turn to glory, his courage allowed him to consider none but that of the conqueror. His probity would not have allowed him

to make use of unjust methods to arrive at this glory; but anything that might prove a legitimate excuse for war appeared to him a necessary undertaking. Whereever force might be employed without injustice, he preferred it to gentler methods, which, given more time, would have resulted in equal success.

Asaid, accustomed from his boyhood to regard in the prerogatives of the Throne only the virtues which they give a Sovereign the opportunity to practise, allowed himself to form no idea of glory that was not compatible with the happiness of his Subjects. He considered that true power ought to prescribe its own limits. He regarded as so many triumphs those favourable effects with which prudence and the passage of time save the expense of authority. The Court and the People blessed his conduct, whereas they regarded that of his brother with anxious misgivings.

It was difficult for Sovereigns so different in character to live for any length of time in that perfect unity which was necessary for the good of the Government. Indeed there soon arose between them a cause of disagreement. Alcimedor learned that they had a prescriptive right to a neighbouring Kingdom, at that time in the possession of Prince Mutalib; he proposed to establish that right by force of arms. Asaid refused his consent to the project. "Brother," he said, "the most glorious ambition for us is not to become more powerful, we are powerful enough already, being superior to the other Princes of Arabia. Of what use to us would be fresh Provinces and fresh wealth? They would not give us any fresh virtues! Why endanger

the lives of Subjects who love us, in order to subjugate others who would regard us merely as Tyrants? Nothing can disturb our peace; we are respected; need we without occasion show ourselves redoubtable?" Asaid spoke in vain, and seeing that his brother persisted in his designs, proposed to him to divide their State into two separate Suzerainties. This plan accepted, no sooner was the separation completed than Alcimedor went to war. The campaign was unfortunate. Conquered, instead of returning a Conqueror, he had recourse to Asaid; he begged for troops with which to avenge his defeat. Asaid preferred to secure for him a more salutary aid. He made an alliance with the Prince whom Alcimedor had attacked; and by his becoming surety against any future assault by his brother, peace was concluded. The seal set upon this peace was a double marriage. Mutalib having two daughters, it was arranged that the elder of them should marry Alcimedor, and that Asaid should be joined to the younger. Soon the marriage festivities took the place of the turmoils of war, and Alsime's favour gave the ceremony all the brilliance that could embellish it.

The two Princesses, each of whom was adorned with rare qualities, bore no resemblance, however, either in body or in mind. She who wedded Alcimedor had as her share all those regular features the assemblage of which forms what we are accustomed to describe as beauty; but when you had said that she was extremely beautiful, there was nothing left to add to the praise of her form. What was far more widely remarked was that she proved to have precisely the same character

as was observed in Alcimedor; and this conformity made the two Courts assume that this Couple would pass an extremely happy life together. The event proved quite the contrary. Since they both were determined only to be severely just and equitable, they allowed no compromise, whenever they believed their opinions or intentions to be reasonable. Both of them, with abundant intelligence, found in their conversation cause for disgust, revulsion and loss of intimacy. Each, from a love of sincerity, made no concession to the other's vanity, when he or she saw a just cause for mortifying it; and by this conduct they were soon reduced to a mere outward and conventional show of friendship.

Asaid's destiny was widely different, and by his own doing. The Princess to whom he was joined in marraige, and by whom he was still passionately loved, possessed everything that can rejoice a husband's heart and exercise his reason. Her form did not at all convey the idea of what is commonly regarded as beauty; but even the women admitted, when they looked at her, that in order to be certain of pleasing the men, one must be fashioned like her. At the same time, by the graces of her mind and character, charming to persons in whom she took no interest, her relations with anyone she loved became most thorny and difficult. Naturally sincere, and possessing an extremely sensitive heart, anything serious or joyful, respects, duties, reason itself, assumed in her all the impetuosity of the passions. With a clear perception of everything that occurred in a soul that was dear to her, if she did

not discern in the response that was given her the slight effort that she herself required to produce what appeared so natural in her; if she did not find in the friendship, in the confidence of others that delicacy that unbounded openness which were characteristic of her own, she would be moved to reproaches, grief, despair. In short, her company was alternately delightful and insupportable.

Asaid, charmed by the virtues, the wit and the affection which he found in this Princess, made allowance for the imperfections of her character. So far from ever facing her impatience with bitterness, he showed that condescension, that kindness which are born of a true friendship, founded upon reason and not tainted with any weakness. Believing that a man cannot take too much trouble to put an end to the complaints and sorrows of her whom he loves, he would yield to her, would speedily restore her calm, and imperceptibly, the impetuosity of her humour overcome, there remained nothing but affection; and what affection! Asaid could discover in it nothing that did not serve to ensure his happiness. The whole atmosphere of their Court was one of pleasure, decent order, and zeal. All those who surrounded them felt a determination to please them, which was founded neither upon personal interest nor upon servility. Inestimable happiness, and one that Sovereigns hardly ever know! They might at times forget that they had any Courtiers, and suppose themselves to be surrounded only by kind and sincere friends. The talents, the arts which they cherished and protected had as their

chief ambition the glory of contributing to the ease of the existence of two such respectable Masters; whereas at the Court of Alcimedor, the desire to please was nothing more than a fear of disgrace, and everything, even to their amusements and pleasures, was included in the list of austere duties. So that the gifts of Zulmane had brought Alcimedor no other fortune than that of seeing himself a Sovereign, without enjoying the love of his Subjects, and an unhappy husband, without any substantial reason to complain of his Princess.

It might have been supposed that, given such a diversity of conduct, these two Princes could never experience a common destiny. But all of a sudden there emerged from the heart of Tartary a Warrior Nation, pouring into Arabia. In vain did the other Sovereigns combine their forces with those of Alcimedor and Asaid. These invading strangers were brave, well-disciplined and so formidable in their numbers, that they overcame any opposition to their advance. Their King, who was named Aterganor, added yet more to their force and valour by the high opinion that they held of his exalted nature. This Conqueror having made himself the Master of the Capital City to which Asaid and his brother had retired, assembled the most considerable men of the two Nations, and addressed them as follows: " I have never intended, in conquering you, to reduce you to servitude. I know your virtues; they have increased my ambition to reign over Arabia. Men such as yourselves ought to be subject only to the greatest

King upon earth, the Monarch of Tartary. Peoples whom I have overcome, I do not come here to spoil you of your riches, nor to force your will. Preserve your customs, your habits, and choose for yourselves the new Master, who, under my authority, will be responsible for ensuring your happiness. I establish from this moment an absolute equality of position. During the course of twelve suns, there shall be no other distinctions, no other reverence among you than what is purely voluntary. Employ these days of so pure a liberty in electing your Sovereign. Though he be taken from the most obscure rank, on the strength of your choice of him, he shall be in my eyes worthy to reign." The Conqueror then informed the two Princes that he left them at liberty in their Palaces, and withdrew to his camp amid that redoubtable Army which surrounded the City.

The order of equality gave rise to an immediate revolution. All those to whom servitude, duties, respect had been a burden, had no wish to endure it any longer. Among the persons who were accustomed to be treated with deference, to give the force of law to their wishes, many were barely able to preserve authority over their own families. The Guards, the Officers of Alcimedor's Court all deserted his Palace, and a deserted Palace is more wretched than an inhabited cottage; his Courtiers abandoned him, their only thought being of the part which they would play in the election of a new Master. Alcimedor and the Princess his spouse, accustomed to the arrogance and confidence to which a long period of prosperity

gives rise, were wholly incapable of the exaltation of soul which can ennoble adversity; they remained alone in their humiliation. Aterganor was minded to enjoy the spectacle of these changes; he liked to behold the degradation or dignity with which people endured great reverses. He remarked in the various ranks of life, with pleasure, men whose position vanished entirely with their credit or titles, and who, from a rank which exalted them, reduced to their own merits, sank and were lost and despised amid the mob. But what was the intensity of his astonishment when, on coming to Asaid's Palace, he sought in vain for any sign of the revolution which he expected to find there! He saw the Guards at their posts, and the Courtiers all the more busily engaged in showing their fidelity to their Master, in that this homage was a proof of their virtue. He found the Prince and Princess in a state of mind equally remote from proud immobility and from humiliating misery: they spoke only of their desire to see a Sovereign crowned who would secure the happiness of the Subjects whose respect and love were being shown them in so admirable a fashion. Aterganor thought that he must be dreaming. "Oh fortunate Asaid!" he exclaimed, "and you, respectable Princess, how superior is your glory to my own! You teach me that I have never yet reigned. I had in mind only the domination that is born of force, is maintained only by fear, and seeks only its own extension. You make me perceive that true authority over men has its source in their hearts." Thereupon the Deputies of the two Nations presented themselves

to propose the King whom they had chosen; all of them proclaimed Asaid. Everywhere were to be seen tears of zeal, love and joy; nothing was to be heard but the name of Asaid. Aterganor, at this spectacle, stepped down from the Throne; he laid his sceptre in the hands of Asaid, and placing his own crown upon the head of the Princess: "Reign," he said, "since every heart is calling you. How should I dare subjugate those whose example I admire and whose virtues have taught me? I restore their Sovereignty to all the Princes whom I have conquered, I shall exercise here but a single right of my Empire. Alcimedor shall cease to be a Sovereign; I reunite for your sole benefit the State that you have shared with him." As Aterganor ended this speech, a clap of thunder was heard; Zulmane appeared in a chariot; and to remove from the sight of mortals the Prince to whom her gifts had brought so little profit, she carried off Alcimedor, and his Princess also, and vanished in the immensity of the air. Alsime then mounted upon a throne radiant with the most brilliant hues of light; she confirmed the eminently just law which Aterganor had ordained, and which ensured the happiness of the Peoples whom Zoraide had commended to her. She saw with a transport of joy in the fresh glory with which Asaid was surrounded the happy fruits of his education, and it is from this restored reign of Asaid that this part of Arabia has been named Arabia Felix.

THE ISLE OF LIBERTY

A Tale

Once upon a time a magician, tired of hearing people condemn in others the faults that they themselves displayed, decided to unmask the first that should use such language in his hearing. He withdrew to an island and made it known that those who came to dwell there should be free to do as they chose, and should never experience any injustice on the part of the inhabitants. No sooner had the report gone abroad, than he saw arrive on the island three persons of the sort that he was expecting. "You desire the right of citizenship?" he asked of them. "I am going to bestow it. This is the sole condition that I impose: tell me, each of you, what is your character, your ruling passion; whatever you say shall be written down in the list of our islanders, and from that moment you will be able to live here in the manner that best suits you."

The first, who was named Almon, said: "*I am natural, I hate dissimulation, I reveal myself precisely as I am;* such is my character." It was written down: "*Almon is natural.*" "As for me," said the second, whose name was Alibé: "*I like to give pleasure, to do what amuses other people, I have acquired talents that*

help me to do so." It was written: "*Alibé likes to give pleasure.*" "I am bound to confess," said the third, whose name was Zanis: "*I am extremely odd.*" It was written: "*Zanis is odd.*" "You may now," the magician told them, "devote yourselves without the least constraint to the manner of life that appeals to you. Go! They will show you the way to the place that has been set apart for your residence."

When they had gone, the magician remarked to those who formed his Court: "You see how confidently these three men have described their characters. I am now going to give you a true portrait of them. Almon, without any regard for the convenience of other people, is accustomed himself to avoid any form of constraint. Although he is not wanting in intelligence, whether he award praise or blame, it is always from caprice; that is what he calls being natural. With no desire to domineer, he is decisive; he speaks merely to listen to his own voice; he interrupts in order to give his opinion, and often contradicts the person who is going to follow it. In a word, to be full of social transgressions, and to give them free play, that is what he calls hating dissimulation. Alibé, who has indeed abundant talents, employs them only against himself; he must always command an audience; he must be applauded, he and he only, and he calls this sort of tyranny 'liking to give pleasure.' With regard to Zanis, in his constant anxiety not to be like other people, he laughs at what would make others sad and regards with a solemn eye everything that excites merriment. A nature easily interpreted,

whereas he imagines himself impenetrable, we find that he has prepared in the morning a list of all the surprises, paradoxes and whimsies that he will produce during the day. Indiscreet, contradictory, unjust; he thinks himself sufficiently excused, when he has said: '*The fact is that I am odd.*' He even imagines that he has paid himself a tribute. Let us enjoy, unseen by them, the spectacle of the adventures that are about to befall them." So saying, the magician and his listeners became invisible.

Almon, upon leaving the magician, found himself standing before a superb palace upon the front of which he observed a tablet of lapis lazuli, from which there flashed, outlined in translucent gems, the inscription:

EVERYONE IS IN THE RIGHT.

Filled with curiosity, he went inside, and as he passed through the entrance hall heard the sound of various instruments. The sound ceased; a pair of doors were thrown open; he saw appear two heralds, whose dress was composed of everything that marks the different conditions of humanity, and who advanced towards him, now with an affectation of gravity, now with false graces, and at times even in a comical fashion. "*This is the Palace of Alcanor,*" said the one who was the first to reach him. "*You may look upon it as your own,*" added the second, and immediately, each taking his cue from the other, without giving Almon time to reply, they proceeded as follows: "This is a charming abode." "If you find it tedious, you may say so." "You may, whenever you please, spend

days on end here." "You may come here merely from caprice, remain or vanish." "Alcanor is incessantly surrounded by everything that furnishes amusement for other people." "You may assume that it has been provided for your own amusement, and yet need not feel the slightest gratitude to him." As this dialogue came to an end, Almon found himself on the threshold of the apartment; the two heralds repeated to him three times in succession, speaking simultaneously: "*Here every one is in the right.*"

The heralds withdrew, and Almon stepped into a magnificent saloon. He saw a great number of men and women, who from their bearing, their occupations, their speech, seemed to imagine themselves alone. One would be lost in thought, another dancing; a gentleman would be talking, and no one listened to him; a lady studying her appearance in the glass and revealing aloud the good opinion of herself prompted by her secret vanity. From one you would hear: "I have a brilliant wit"; from another: "I am a perfect creature." In short, a number of persons in the same place, forming no sort of society.

Alcanor, whose mind was always distracted though never occupied, attracted nobody's attention. At certain moments he was surrounded by a circle in which every one was speaking at the same time. At others, a grim silence prevailed. Almon, whose entrance had been remarked by nobody, came and sat down beside Alcanor; the talk had turned to the praise of politeness. "If," interrupted Almon, "you are describing the politeness of the inhabitants

of this isle, the conversation will soon flag." "I should be very sorry to restrain you from thinking as you please," replied Alcanor with an air of circumspection; "but as I hate *dissimulation*, I must confess to you that your opinion seems to me entirely devoid of common sense, judgment, wisdom and intelligence. Politeness consists merely in certain conventional practices, and you are ignorant of ours." "And I shall remain in ignorance of them," retorted Almon, "unless, to be quits with you, I learn how to reply in a most offensive fashion." "Offensive!" said Alcanor's wife, with a friendly smile; "it is merely *natural;* and I warn you, for I am fond of my neighbours, that in interpreting it otherwise, you make yourself appear ridiculous, and you are quite right, for here we reveal ourselves *as we are*." Almon attempted to reply. "If you insist," the lady cut him short, "you will be a fool; I tell you so because I think so and hate *dissimulation*." At this moment the magician appeared. "What an intolerable liberty is this on your island!" exclaimed Almon; "one was to receive, you told me, no injustice at the hands of your citizens!" "To be sure," the magician replied; "it is you that are unjust. You declared that you were a natural person, and so, I admit, you are; but do you suppose that you have the exclusive privilege of being so? Learn that this is likewise the character of all our inhabitants. Can you complain of people who are like yourself? Nay, abandon your error, Almon, and derive instruction from these scenes that have given you offence. No society could remain in existence, if

people always displayed themselves as they are: it is permissible to follow the dictates of our nature, only when those dictates are in accordance with the customs and virtues which bind society together." "I am obliged to agree," said Almon, impressed by these truths. "Madame was right when she warned me that I should be nothing better than a fool; I am one, I am beginning to realise it, and I wish to remain among you, in order that I may so far convince myself of it as presently to outgrow my folly, if I can." "I can vouch for you," the magician resumed, "without even bringing my art into play; given intelligence and a real desire to please, a man can speedily correct his faults. Come now and witness the adventures of your comrades, they will serve still further for your instruction." At these words, they were transported to a house into which Alibé had just been introduced. It was the chief resort of good society. Alibé was no sooner seated than he took command of the conversation, in order to display the extent of his knowledge, to show his wit, and to talk about himself, as though there had been no other merit in the world but his own, or the merit of other people consisted merely in their knowing how to pay respect to him. They listened to him at first, giving him all those equivocal signs of applause, such as a certain approving smile, which people often assume without having heard what it is that they are extolling; a word devoid of meaning, which they repeat after the speaker, as though a word were an oracle; a glance shot at that member of the audience who is reckoned the cleverest, as though to

convey to him their admiration of what they have just heard. And Alibé's good opinion of himself increased, as also his desire to talk. Presently, as a first stage in the correction of his error, when he began to display a lavish wealth of imagination, they praised him for the extent, the fidelity of his memory. If he passed next to researches which inferred merely erudition, what they would admire would be his inventive genius. If he indulged in coarse witticisms or stale anecdotes, they would congratulate him upon his perfect command of the wit and vocabulary of good society; in short, he was overwhelmed with inappropriate praises. At first he heard only the note of praise: vanity, even in a man of parts, is often so foolishly credulous! Alibé then began to perceive that these compliments were all misapplied ; but he supposed this to mean a want of precision in the minds of the people who were applauding him, and was grateful to them for their intention. He corrected them suavely, when he saw them thus in error; he taught them, in an indirect manner, the proper way in which to praise him. The Assembly had the pleasure of seeing Alibé's arrogance and absurdity increase; but this was not enough for them, he must be made aware of his situation. Suddenly everybody's attitude towards him changed. He had announced that he would relate an extremely odd adventure that had befallen him; he began; a man interrupted him, and, speaking of oddity, related a quite extraordinary dream which he had dreamed the night before. Alibé waited with growing impatience; at length he seized an

opportunity to offer to recite some rather neat verses that he had composed. At the mention of verses, another person began to recite, and poor Alibé was reduced to the tedium of listening, or at least to the mortification of holding his tongue. In short, he found himself surrounded by talent that tormented him, because it was applauded, and he could find not the slightest opportunity to display his own. He could stand it no longer, and left the house indignant at the want of respect shown in it for the merits of other people. He went to find the magician, whose sole response to his complaints was to present to him the book in which his character had been written down; he opened it and read: "Alibé, as he thinks himself: *He likes to give pleasure.* Alibé, as he is: *He seeks only to shine.*" Alibé shut up the book, cast a pitying glance at the magician, and hastened to set sail. "He is going away more incorrigible than ever," said the magician: "a little knowledge, various humble talents, and a scant wit; it is from such a combination that fatuity is born."

The magician had now to witness only the display made by Zanis; he was soon gratified. As Zanis was crossing a large square, a troop of persons attired in a whimsical fashion surrounded him and obliged him to take his place in a chariot. "Your merits are known," he was told, "you are worthy of a triumph." They escorted him in this way to a sort of temple, where he found a numerous assembly. He presented himself with a firm resolution to be more odd than ever before. Affected demeanour, boldness of lan-

guage, everything was brought into play, and nothing was remarked; he saw that, so far from astonishing anyone, he was regarded as an ordinary person; this put him out of countenance. He recovered himself, ventured upon a preposterous maxim, every one at once agreed with him; they knew that line of thought; it was quite common. His embarrassment revived, he began a tale, exaggerated, people began to listen to him; but some one else took the words out of his mouth, and said things so outrageous that Zanis was almost reduced to finding his own speech quite reasonable. At length he withdrew, with the mortification of having been unanimously praised for the accuracy of his mind and the restraint of his imagination.

He mused, meditated, deeply affected; for nothing is so humiliating as an affectation of folly to no purpose. While in this confused state of mind, he was accosted by a little person who, with all the appearance and manner of an old man, was barely eighteen years old. "It is easy to see that you are a simple person, a sensible mind," the supposed old man began. "You were surprised at what you saw in the house you have just left? You are not yet sufficiently familiar with the capricious humour of our fellow-citizens; they are fools who imagine that it is a great distinction to astonish other people by their odd behaviour; and you can see, of course, how absurd it is to have such ideas? Our ordinary habits are the wise conventions which save our minds the trouble of devoting themselves to matters which are not worth their while. Imagine how we limit our imagination, how we degrade it, when

we keep it incessantly engaged upon making us walk or laugh or crook our elbows differently from other people; upon making us appear impatient or calm, passionate or indifferent, for a purpose; upon making us say Yes or No in a remarkable manner. You will see here many scenes that will surprise you; you will perhaps not see one that will amuse you. By dint of making themselves odd in every respect, our Islanders have exhausted all the most fantastic methods of appearing so; and you can imagine the effect of an extravagance at second hand! As for myself, having recovered from the foolish ambition to appear extraordinary, I yawn at the mere thought of what that ambition has made me do; and in order that I may never relapse into such an error, I have taken upon myself all the bondage and at the same time all the advantages of old age. I lead without interruption the sober and retired life that is appropriate to age. I spend my days by the fireside, in a snug arm-chair. And there I doze in the bosom of my family. I leave the house for a moment only in the middle of the day, to enjoy the sunshine, and never care though there be fools in the world who deliberately make themselves odd and provide a spectacle for their fellows." The old sage then proceeded to quote a number of trite maxims upon the simplicity of our earliest ancestors, each of which began " In the old days." Zanis listened with a secret shame at the astonishment that he felt at this man, who was eccentric on principle. When this scene had ended, it was followed by a number of others equally surprising, which filled up Zanis's day.

Whenever he tried to think or to speak, he was interrupted. Did he wish to sit down to dinner, he would find himself made a laughing stock. At length, furious at the persecution that he must suffer from the whimsies of every one he encountered, he hastened to find the magician. "Let me go," he said; "your inhabitants proclaim themselves extraordinary, and they are merely troublesome, capricious, extravagant fools." "You paint their picture and your own," the magician replied. "Instead of boasting that you were odd, why did you not tell me frankly: 'I long to appear odd.' That is a very different matter. People who are odd by nature are generally popular in society; whereas he who has merely assumed a pose of oddity soon overshoots his mark, it is not long before he becomes tedious, and he ends by being intolerable. But my purpose has been to open your eyes, and not to punish you. Everything that has happened to you, and to Almon also, was only illusion: return both of you to your homes, and never forget, if possible, that a natural impulse, when offensive, must be held in check, and that the ambition to be extraordinary leads inevitably to folly. You have seen this for yourselves: to bring home to those who pride themselves upon their whimsicalities how much they are dependent upon their fellow-men, you have only to place them among people of their own kind."

THE ANCESTORS: OR PERSONAL MERIT

A Tale

Once upon a time at the Court of Persia a curious fashion prevailed of soliciting and obtaining important posts. When one of these fell vacant, all those Courtiers who could lay any claim to it presented themselves at the same time before the Sovereign. There upon a talisman fashioned by the Genies, they engraved with a diamond the various titles by which they hoped for preferment. And such was the power of the talisman, that if anyone, to enhance his merit, traced upon it any statement, any praise of himself which offended the truth, the letters of these words changed their colour, when the talisman came into the hands of the Monarch. This Prince, the most equitable of Kings, had invented this expedient only so that he might never be deceived by apparent merit.

One day when the most important Province of the Empire was without a Governor (namely, the Khorassan), as it was necessary, in order to fill the post with dignity, to possess immense riches, two men only came to prostrate themselves before the King. One of the rivals, who was named Kosrun, was descended from the Jammites, that race so ancient and so illustrious in

Persia, that few others dared dispute its pre-eminence. In addition to an advantage so well calculated to win him the esteem of his Sovereign, Kosrun, incapable of betraying his honour, although at heart he was attached to it merely out of vanity, combined with a handsome figure an abundance of brains; but he was naturally stern and imperious; his gravity indicated pride; his smile showed a contemptuous irony. Incessantly thinking of his ancestors, he appropriated to himself in his mind, as though it had been a part of his inheritance, everything that had contributed to their renown. His rival, who was named Tharzis, descended from an ancient family, but one that was little known, had acquired for himself so much esteem that a nobler birth than his could have added nothing to it. Possessing those virtues and talents which render a man worthy of high office, he thought with such modesty of anything that might add to his renown, he appeared so little conscious of his own intellect, at those moments when it shone most brightly, that he was easily forgiven a superiority which served only to make him a more agreeable companion.

Kosrun, with an air of obvious self-confidence, approached the Throne. After prostrating himself in an affected manner (as though the Court had had need of his example, to learn how to pay the Sovereign an indispensable duty) he received the talisman; and, being convinced that his merit alone was a decisive claim to preferment, this is all that he thought fit to inscribe:

My Ancestors and Myself.

The talisman then passed into the hands of Tharzis, who, considering that the most merited favour is still a favour to him who receives it, inscribed, as reasons for the favour which he hoped to receive from the Monarch, these few words:

YOUR BOUNTY AND MY ZEAL.

The King sat for some moments in silence, observing the talisman. He then turned towards the portals of an inner room, entrance into which was forbidden to all his Courtiers. Immediately the portals were thrown apart; a confused sound was heard, as of musical instruments, and of the acclamations that accompany a triumph, and sixty venerable Greybeards were seen to appear. These Greybeards, after bowing with respect, placed themselves upon either side of the Throne, each upon a trophy which had been set up for him. Kosrun, in astonishment, asked with an air of disdainful curiosity who were these strange figures that dared to place themselves so near to the Sovereign. All remained silent.

"Behold," said the King to the two Candidates, "these Sages on either side of me; being more enlightened than I, they will choose between you." Kosrun, offended by this decree, protested that he would be degrading himself were he to recognise any other Judge than his Sovereign; and so far from seeking to win the support of these Greybeards, upon whom his destiny might depend, he rejected them with scorn. He pointed out, without mincing his words, that old age might have affected their reason; that, in

their attachment to prejudices, to customs which had grown old with themselves, they would perhaps be unjust when they intended to be equitable. In short, his arrogant and presumptuous character, his contempt for the rest of mankind, were openly displayed; and when some of the Greybeards attempted to rebuke him for the unseemliness of the speeches that he allowed himself to make, he did not deign to listen. His pride went the length of reproaching them with failing to show the respect that was due to the only man left alive of the illustrious race of Jammites. At this name the Greybeards uttered a cry of indignation: "Know," said the most venerable, "to whom you address this reproach; it is to the Jammites themselves that you speak"; and so it was. The King, in order to confound the presumptuous aspirant by the very claims upon which his confidence was based, had, with the help of the talisman, evoked those sage Spirits. Kosrun at this, stripped in a moment of all that had entitled him to esteem, became remarkable only for his faults; he could see no eye turned on him save in scorn, or with a sort of pity that was scarcely less humiliating. "Learn, unhappy Kosrun," the Greybeard continued, "that he in whom the virtues of his ancestors inspire nothing but a sentiment of pride which makes him be hated is disowned by them. Find that, so far from having a share in their renown, he is condemned to oblivion and to the shame of being useless to those very fellow-countrymen whose affection he disdains." The King then appointed Tharzis, and the Greybeards vanished. You may imagine the

impression that this event created throughout Persia upon the minds of those who had illustrious ancestors. In the fear of seeing them suddenly called back to life, their descendants could think only of how to render themselves worthy of them. But unfortunately the secret of their evocation is lost, and this is the sole effect that remains of the power of the charm. When we address the great, who are of no merit in themselves, with deference or respect, a voice which they alone fail to hear calls out to them: " It is not to you, it is to your ancestors that the regard which you enjoy is addressed."

ALIDOR AND THERSANDER

A Tale

Alidor and Thersander were twins, and moulded in a form which left nothing to be desired. What was no less marvellous was their perfect resemblance. They possessed, with abundant intelligence on either side, the same physiognomy, the same gestures, the same tone of voice. It seemed, in short, that nature, having fashioned one of them, had been so well satisfied with her handiwork, that she had taken pleasure in copying it without the slightest divergence. Adopted, while in the cradle, by a Magician and a Fairy, they lived an agreeable life in their Palace. The Magician was the kindest man in the world; he had only one irritating defect, which was that, as he was but little of a thinker, he liked other people to think for him; to spend all their time, from dawn to dusk, in keeping him amused; and, above all, not to display too much intelligence; anything that was above the level of his own bored him to excess. He would require you, for instance, to relate to him all the trifling details of your daily life, a burden to anyone who had not the pettiness of mind to enjoy telling them. The Fairy on the other hand held anyone in antipathy who spoke of himself when it was not

necessary; she would have preferred him to have nothing at all to say to her. But not wishing to put any constraint upon anyone, as Alidor spoke readily of everything that concerned him, she had relinquished him to the Magician, and had reserved for herself Thersander, having trained him from his childhood never to talk to other people of his trivial adventures, his tastes, his distastes, nor in short of anything that could be of interest to himself alone.

Thersander and his brother had reached their twentieth year, when they heard a Herald proclaim in a loud voice:

Who will dare to win the honour of marrying the King's daughter, or of becoming Ruler of the Half of the Kingdom?

A man has appeared, or rather a horrible monster with two heads, who bears written upon each of his foreheads in letters of fire: "Give me the hand of the Princess in marriage, or I shall overthrow the world." As he is the son of a Magician, he can scatter an army by the mere sound of his voice; but he may be vanquished, if he is attacked by but a small force. Whosoever shall have defeated him, and shall bring his remains to the Palace, will receive, as the Princess may decide, one of the promised rewards.

Having finished his proclamation, the Herald handed them a scroll of bark, upon which they found written:

PORTRAIT OF THE PRINCESS

Though with the aid of the most gifted imagination, a man may form a picture of all that can make a person

charming, in form, mind and character; let him then regard and listen to the Princess; he will say: I have made but a rough sketch. This is what I was seeking to portray.

"Brother," said Thersander, "at present we are known only for the singularity of our resemblance. Here is an opportunity to distinguish ourselves." Alidor was of the same opinion. They armed themselves each with a dart, a shield and a sword; and having learned that the Giant, who traversed a hundred leagues of country between one sunrise and the next, was not far from their castle, they sallied forth to meet him. No sooner had they come to the outskirts of a wood that lay near to their home, than they perceived a monster thirty feet in stature, with a pair of human heads, wings of crystal, and four arms ending in long and jagged talons. He did not fly, but, gathering speed from his wings, walked at an astonishing pace, with the support of a huge club.

Notwithstanding the superiority that so terrible a colossus appeared to have over them, as there was something human about him, they felt that it would be an act of cowardice for both to attack him together. They considered that courage and skill were a kind of strength superior to any other; and having drawn lots to decide which of them was to engage him first, the lot fell upon Alidor. He at once advanced upon the Monster, who, being armed with a bow, shot a number of arrows, the weight of which would have overthrown a tower. Alidor avoided these with great skill, and hurling his

dart, made a slight wound in one of the heads of the Giant. The Monſter thereupon twirling his huge club created such a ſtir in the air that Alidor fell to the ground as though swept away by a hurricane. Thersander, seeing his brother put out of action, haſtened to avenge him. The Giant had raised his arm to ſtrike his vanquished foe, when he became aware of the fresh assailant, who called to him to defend himself; and furious that an adversary whom he regarded as beneath his contempt should flatter himself that he could involve him in any danger, decided to make him suffer a horrible death. You might then have seen burſt forth from those letters which he bore printed upon each of his foreheads flaming serpents and burning arrows. Thersander, so far from taking alarm, hurled himself athwart these perils; he threw his dart with so sure an aim that it gave the Monſter a deep wound. The Monſter then raised his club, but his ſtrength failed him; he fell, and Thersander cut off those two formidable heads which had caused so much alarm to the King and Princess when the Monſter came to ask for her hand in marriage.

Alidor having recovered his senses during this combat, Thersander and he went to announce their triumph to the Magician and the Fairy, who were charmed to learn that they had attempted this great enterprise on their own initiative. "Go," the Magician told them, "inform the King of the Monſter's death. Tell him in full detail the circumſtances of this excellent news, and receive from him the rewards which you have earned." The Fairy spoke in a different tone to

Thersander. "No doubt," she said to him in private, "you wish to marry the Princess? You must deserve her choice of you; pay a stricter observance than ever to the rule of never speaking about yourself, even when you hear yourself applauded for the service that you have just rendered her." Thersander thanked the Fairy, and returned to his brother; and they set off.

They arrived upon the following day at the Court. The King and the Princess, already informed of all the circumstances of their victory, decided, in order to receive them with consideration, to accord a private audience to each. Alidor, as the elder, appeared first: his face, so handsome and so noble, a certain grace that was apparent in all his actions, and one of the heads of the Monster which he carried proudly upon the point of his sword, combined to form a contrast which one could not behold without a sort of admiration. The King and the Princess were impressed. Alidor told how his brother and he, upon hearing the Herald's proclamation, had decided to seek out the Giant. He made no mention of the Princess's portrait; but he described the alarming appearance of the Monster and all the peril of the combat, the wound that he had dealt him, and then the effect of that whirlwind by which he had been felled to the ground as by a thunderbolt.

During this narrative, which Alidor adorned with flashes of wit and eloquence, excited by the hope of winning the hand of the Princess, he had appeared far less interested in her than in the gallantry of his own feat. The King after heaping upon him every token

of esteem, said to him: "Go; you shall hear presently what is to be your reward." Alidor withdrew, and Thersander was ushered in.

Thersander did not carry with him a head of the Monster, as had Alidor; he had laid it down in the guard-room, at the foot of the trophy of arms. He appeared with the simple exterior of a man who had taken no part in the event of the day. This was all the difference that the Princess perceived between his brother and himself, while she was greatly astonished at their resemblance. Thersander came forward with grace and modesty, and remained silent, waiting for the King to address him. "So it is you, gallant Thersander," said the King, "who have triumphed over the Giant?" "My brother had wounded him," replied Thersander, "and after his wound, he was hard put to it to defend himself." "You greatly diminish the glory of the combat," said the Monarch; "but I am informed of the perils that you braved." "The Monster was easy to conquer," went on Thersander, "his life was troubling the King's peace and the happy days of the Princess." "It is you that restore them to me, those happy days," said the Princess, "and you say nothing of your reward!" "You have just bestowed it, Princess," replied Thersander; "you announce that you are going to live happily." "Nevertheless," added the King, "I have promised the half of my Kingdom." Thersander interrupted him: "All of it belongs to the Princess; could a gift that diminished her happiness or her glory be regarded as a benefit by any of your subjects?" "Enough,"

said the King, "you shall learn how I deem fit to reward so important a service."

When Thersander had withdrawn, the King, who was no less fond than the Magician of listening to entertaining stories, said to his daughter: "Now I am in a great difficulty. This one does not deserve the half of my Kingdom; he does, nevertheless, deserve a great reward. But if you make up your mind to marry one of the two, presumably you will not choose Thersander. It appears to me that he has far less intelligence than his brother; he was incapable of describing his fight to us, as Alidor did so agreeably." "Father," replied the Princess, "forgive me if my sentiments do not agree with yours. Thersander does not appear to me to have any advantage over Alidor, save the exalted spirit that he shows in not being at all concerned about his victory. Ah, what a difference that makes between them! A man who can be free from all vanity over the most brilliant episode in his life has surely a strength of mind, a superior reason, which will never fail. I confess that Thersander has prejudiced me in his favour, and that I would marry him without reluctance. It seems to me that I should find in Alidor nothing more than a Deliverer who would take delight in reminding me that I am his conquest; who, whenever he was troubled by the least suspicion, would produce the Giant's head to remind me of what I owe to him, and who would reduce my affection to mere gratitude. In Thersander I discover at once an extreme desire to influence me in his favour, and the noble fear of reminding me that he has served

me: he considers in what he has done for me he feels only the pleasure of having contributed to the happiness of my life, and dares not derive from it a title to my favour. One would congratulate himself incessantly that he had won my hand; the other, while more deserving of it, will regard it as a favour that has been conferred upon him. How much his modesty adds to the other qualities that make him attractive!" "My eyes are opened," said the King, "I see that indeed Thersander pleases you more than his brother; to-morrow we shall inform them of their destiny: let us send to invite the Magician and the Fairy who love them, to come here and witness the proofs of our gratitude." On the following day, the Magician and the Fairy having arrived, the King declared that Alidor should have the Government of half of the Kingdom. He ordered the festivities to be prepared that should precede the wedding ceremony; he then set his crown upon his daughter's head, handed her his sceptre, and, presenting Thersander: "You are Queen," he said, "and here is your Deliverer." The Princess looked at Thersander, gave him the sceptre, and Thersander fell at her feet. Desperately in love with her, to advance by a moment the bliss of receiving her plighted troth, he would have fought another Monster. At length the longed-for moment came; the Princess had not been mistaken; Thersander, Husband and King, retained the gentleness, the simplicity of his character. People still speak of the unbroken felicity which filled the lives of this Happy Pair.

THE TRAVELLERS

A Tale

A certain Fairy had three nieces; the eldest was beautiful, the second pretty, and the third plain. The beauty was so content with, so proud of her beauty that she was not, and would not have been anything else; she could imagine no other possible advantage. If she went walking, her expression seemed to be saying to you: "See with what an air the beauty walks abroad." Were she plunged in thought, did you see her fall asleep, or wake, it was in the attitude of a beautiful person. When you talked to her of matters which did not concern her, she answered you as if you had been singing her praises. Had you told her of the death of the great Pan, or of the quest of the Argonauts, she would have supposed it to be an allegorical description of her own charms. The pretty one, lively by nature, sharp, and a coquette of the superior sort, wished everybody, even the women, to be taken up with herself; for she must, to be happy, see herself the sole object of their jealousy, their complaints, their bitterness, as she must be that of the attentions, anxieties, preferences of all the men. She talked almost without ceasing, so that the other women might not have time to show their wit; and when she

did not feel in herself that playful spirit which gives one so effectively the air of extreme youth, she made up for it by assuming an air of silliness. You ought to have seen, moreover, how she affected to be carried away by her amusements, in order to let it be imagined that if she allowed herself to indulge in passions, they would be extremely ardent. She even took advantage of her ill-humour (for she was subject to this), would make a show of it when she did not feel it, and at such times became teasing; in this way she was always the person who attracted the attention of the entire assembly. Lastly, to complete her portrait, sensible merely from vanity, indifferent in her heart, she neither demanded friendship, nor cared to bestow it; nor had she ever inspired it.

The plain one was plain indeed, but with a plainness that did not at all resemble all those which at that time were to be met with quite commonly in society. When you examined her features in detail, there was not a single one of them that was not unpleasing; considered as a whole, they formed at every moment a fresh physiognomy always singular and agreeable: you concluded that this variety was due to a wealth of imagination, and that this imagination must be charming; and so it was. Gaiety, sweetness, refinement, and added to all this, that naturalness which lays claim to nothing and enhances everything, there you have a picture of her mind and of her face in one; for, as I have said, the one was always the soul of the other. Add that she had the most beautiful teeth in the world, and that the rest of her figure was

well made, and you have her whole person. I was forgetting what may be of most help in making you understand her character; she knew that she was plain, and had no suspicion that she had any quality that could make her plainness be forgotten.

Their aunt, who had employed her art only to the perfection of her reason, which she regarded as the greatest of all gifts, would gladly have been able to impart it to her nieces. She often left Fairyland, to come and stay with them. "It is time that you were choosing your future states," she said to them one day. "If you were my daughters, you would be fairies like myself; but, to my nieces, I can give nothing of my fairycraft save a certain assistance in providing them with great establishments. Let us first of all consider what appearance you wish to present; for it lies in my power to alter it." The eldest replied to this proposal with an air of disdain: "Do not waste the virtue of your art upon that, Aunt; there is no need." "I shall consider the matter," said the second, with an ogling smile which indicated the most conceited, and deeply rooted self-satisfaction. "As for me," said the third, "I could not but gain by a change; contrive, Aunt, that I may take the form in which I shall inspire you with most affection for myself." At which the Fairy embraced her. "So Mademoiselle cannot imagine any model after which my Aunt might fashion her," put in the eldest, as though out of pity for the poor creature. "You may flatter yourself, Aunt," went on the second, who had taken offence when she saw her plain sister embraced, "that the change, whatever it be,

will do great honour to your art." "Another idea has occurred to me," said the Fairy: "if we were to travel and visit a few foreign countries, you would learn what is thought of the merits that you at present possess; you would also observe the different conditions of life in which happiness is possible, and could then make up your minds." The suggestion was unanimously approved. The Fairy thought it as well that on their travels they should pass as a Fairy's nieces; this ensured them a hearty welcome everywhere. "We must also," added the two elder nieces, "so that there may be no concealment, keep our ordinary titles, the beauty, the pretty one and the plain one; you know that this is how we have been named from our cradles." The Fairy agreed to this, and, in order not to be overwhelmed by all the ridiculous requests that would be made of her, if she announced herself as a Fairy, chose to appear merely as the governess of her nieces.

They set off, and during their travels, whenever they were in a large city, the two elder would never fail to repeat a hundred times over, without rhyme or reason: "Why, what is the plain one doing? Do you hear, Aunt, what the plain one says?" It is even alleged that they carried about with them, in a small cage of satin, with bars of plush, a little parakeet with a shrill and piercing voice, which repeated a hundred times in an hour: "Plain, plain, plain"; and that it was they who had taught the bird. It is certain at least that since their sister had first been endowed, while still in the cradle, with the unflattering title of *plain*, they alone had continued faithfully to apply

it to her; each of the people with whom she mingled had imagined another private name for her. One called her Zimzime, which in fairy language means *Better than beauty.* Another Claride, that is to say *Who would not love her?* And so with a quantity of other names. If she had had but one fixed name, she would have been the loser by it, however beautiful the name might have been. It is true that these names were never uttered audibly in her sisters' presence, for fear of making them angry, and that she herself refused to be called by them. But to address her, as though by mistake, by one of these names was to pay her a compliment, and people sought out every opportunity of making this mistake. For, as people were afraid that, because she was extremely modest, she might suppose herself to be really plain in the way in which her sisters were always so ready to describe her, they took care to persuade her of the contrary, and that because she sought to make herself loved.

Their first visit was to the Court of Assyria. This was a brilliant Court, and crowded, at which the men were at once intelligent and amiable, and the women were charming and lived together without mutual hatred, because their hearts alone were sensitive, and their self-esteem was never injured by trifles. This is not to say that there were not also vain, sharp-tongued, disdainful women; *confiding*, frivolous, indiscreet men; but these were in the minority, and the whole formed a very reasonable sort of nation. The beauty was at once admired; the pretty one was run

after; the plain (I prefer to say the third) one remained at first unknown, since everyone was taken up with the other two.

Presently the eldeſt was found to be too cold, too vain in society, and to regard with a too-contemptuous pity everything that was not beautiful, that is to say, any beauty other than her own. Soon we find her neglected, abandoned; and, apart from a few old gentlemen, who had retained from their younger days nothing but a perfect and tiresome admiration for beauties, she no longer found any adorers. And as she had heaped contempt upon all the women, those of them who had taken offence, because they were not intelligent enough to laugh at her, went out of their way to find opportunities of making her look foolish. The second, who had begun by attracting that small body of men of whom I have spoken, was warned after a time by the Fairy that they appeared to be making themselves too free with her, that they were repeating mischievous tales about her, to which certain women were taking great pains to give support, and that the wiser people, with whom she had never troubled herself to make friends, were contenting themselves with not liſtening to them, without seeking to disprove them; and that in short she was held in no eſteem. This diſtressed her greatly; but what had a far greater effect upon her was that she soon found herself neglected by the moſt eſtimable and attractive of the men. To see her, to run after her, to find her too much of a coquette, and to forget her, took them but a few days.

Our third sister had at length been remarked. People had begun by noticing that she had her wits about her. They then began to ask themselves, to consider whether she really was plain; and this uncertainty ended in their finding her extremely attractive. And how could they fail to agree as to her intelligence? She was so ready to acknowledge it in other people, and took pleasure in singling out in all the women whatever was to their advantage, just as another woman would have sought to hold them up to ridicule; thus people gave her their confidence, sought her friendship, were glad to sing her praises. But it was time to go, her sisters were tired of this Court; they were quite determined to move to some other which should be entirely different. The Fairy transported them to a country far away. They arrived in the heart of a great city, in which every building was a palace, and the inhabitants, of a noble and exalted stature, were dressed in gauze embroidered with little shells which bore life-like representations of flowers, plants and trees; and what was stranger still, these inhabitants had complexions the colour of aventurine, with eyes of a sapphire blue, and very brilliant, extremely thick lips of the same colour as their eyes, and the loveliest mother-of-pearl teeth imaginable. This oddity did not at all offend the two elder sisters; they thought that it would be flattering to be admired by these sapphire eyes, and to turn the heads of these extraordinary men. As for the youngest, she was greatly astonished and tried to accustom herself to these surprising figures, in order not to be

hated by the people among whom she was going to live. Her sisters were soon disappointed of their hopes; as beauty is a matter of opinion, nobody looked at them save with a surprise which implied no pleasure in the sight of them; they achieved no other success. To complete their disppointment, they learned that they were invariably called by the name which they took such pleasure in giving to their junior. But there was something worse still. Being all three of them at a ball where the King's daughters were leading a dance that was curious rather than difficult, and at which the two elder merely looked on with disdain (for they could not endure to see other people shine), the third took her place among the dancers whom she had applauded warmly; and as she had acquired plenty of talents, thinking that she might need them, she showed such a comprehension of the character of their dance, the company were so gratified by her taking part so gracefully in amusements that were foreign to her, that she was applauded loud and long. The King, the ladies, the courtiers, never ceased to repeat: "What a pity that she has not an aventurine complexion, and beautiful thick blue lips!" Her two sisters must certainly have taken in, word for word, all the praises that were heaped upon her, albeit in a foreign language. (For feminine contempt is so penetrating!) In short, they were like to die of jealousy. The ball at an end, they were all agog to leave the place, and their aunt was obliged to yield to their entreaties; she had scarcely time to take leave of the King, the Queen, and the Princesses, to whom

nevertheless she imparted a secret method of considerably enlarging their lips upon days of ceremony. The importance of this present revealed that she was a Fairy, and she saw herself besieged by a prodigious concourse of people; but she was already in her chariot, and vanished, to the great delight of the two elder, who reviled a country in which there was no applause save for the youngest.

I do not know why I have forgotten so far to explain why these two elder sisters were on such good terms. It is not easy to guess ; and yet the method will appear quite simple. The pretty one kept telling her elder sister that she was *prodigiously* beautiful; the beauty told the other that she was *excessively* pretty; each of them, thinking that she was merely uttering a word which expressed nothing, and fooling her sister, in proportion to the pleasure that she caused her by this chimerical praise.

But how did each of them pardon the other for her conquests, since each of them doubtless wished to be the sole attraction? This objection is more embarrassing; but we shall see how this rivalry was settled in their minds. The beauty believed her sister to have no aspirants save those who, feeling their own merit to be quite ordinary, dared not flatter themselves that they could obtain a hearing from a beauty. And the second said: " They will soon have had enough of my sister's lifeless beauty, they will return to me." Thus it was the poor opinion that each of them held of the other that maintained the alliance between them. Nobody would believe how often a mutual contempt

is between some women a ground of acquaintance, and even the bond of a sort of friendship.

With regard to their common hatred of the third sister, its origin was as follows. The youngest having a kindly nature, and being anxious to overcome by deference and affection the repugnance which her sisters showed for her, seized every opportunity to give them the praise that was their due; but being reasonable and sincere, she could never bring herself to praise the pride of the first and the coquetry of the second, and not to applaud them in these respects was to show herself their enemy. We must add that when the two elder least expected it, they saw this sister, doomed in their opinion never to find favour, often prove more successful than themselves. This is a thing which people cannot endure; for if they have foreseen the success that another woman may enjoy, as they have armed themselves beforehand with all the ways of regarding it that can diminish its value, they are able to look on at it without loss of countenance; they may even despise it enough to pardon it. But when it comes as a surprise, when they are obliged to behold it in its true colours, there is no mind strong enough to hold out.

Meanwhile they are in the chariot. "Where shall I take you?" the Fairy asked them. "You have doubtless discovered how far your faces are your fortune? Let the object of our travels now be to acquaint you with the different conditions of life; I am going to begin by making you all three Queens." With this she twitched a chain of diamonds which

controlled four phœnixes which she had harnessed to her Chariot; they quickened their flight and arrived in a charming country. They entered a superb city, all the great ones of the Empire were assembled to meet them, and the nieces placed upon a single throne were all three of them acknowledged as sovereigns.

The eldeſt, incredible as it seems, found a way of increasing her pride and her good opinion of her own merits. On the day after her coronation she borrowed her aunt's wand for a *coup d'état*, as she said, and nobody could guess what use she intended to make of it. There was, hard by her capital, a vaſt plain; she took the air upon it from dawn to dusk; and in order to give her subjects the pleasure of admiring her, transported them suddenly to this plain. This abduction made them all nearly die of terror. One, at work in his ſtudy, felt himself carried off through the window without knowing to what he muſt attribute the miracle. Another, in the act of uttering the vow that was to unite him to his miſtress, was compelled to let go her hand and escaped in a trice from the temple, to the great aſtonishment of his bride and of the company. A third, who was in feeble health, carried away in his arm-chair, found himself flying through the clouds. You would see whole battalions flying under arms, and the moſt solemn personages traversing the air in ceremonial attire. In short this incident caused a general diſturbance and disorder throughout the whole nation, and every day of her reign brought to pass some other folly of which her beauty was the cause.

We might expect the second to show no more control of her character; and indeed it appeared in all its perfection. Soon there was no occupation at her Court but trifling attentions, no speech but pretty compliments, no courtesy but oglings. The Fairy found herself compelled to inform the eldest of the effect of her ridiculous presumption; the second, of the scant esteem and respect that her subjects had for her, and wise counsel, when it comes from a Fairy, has this peculiarity; it convinces. I do not, however, mean to say that the two nieces thought themselves to have done wrong; they merely felt the shame of their position, which they considered unfair, and concluded that a throne had not the charms that they had supposed.

The third queen seemed every inch a queen. If a throne brings our faults into the light of day, it also furnishes our virtues with more occasions to make themselves seen. Zimzime (for the Fairy had decided that she was no longer to be called " the plain one "), *Better-than-Beauty*, I should say, had good reason, therefore, to be pleased with her new state; she had manners and dignity, she was respected. She thought only of how she might do good and be loved; she was adored. Her court became more crowded every day, and this drove her sisters to desperation.

One night, tormented by a rage which had not allowed them to close an eye, they went to find the Fairy, and besought her to set off at that very moment, since they preferred any other condition to that of reigning. The Fairy, who had her own views, replied coldly: " It is not yet daylight, but I consent." She

went to awaken Zimzime, clothed her with a single touch of her wand, omitting no detail of her attire, bestowed sundry treasures upon the City, and once again they stepped into the chariot.

"And so, my dear nieces" (these words were addressed to the two elder) "you are weary of the throne? A rank approaching royalty would expose you to very much the same drawbacks, you would find similar grounds for dissatisfaction. Take my advice, and let us pass to an extreme of which you have but the vaguest idea. Let us go and dwell in some hamlet. I know a place in Asia, where beneath a temperate sky, simple and sociable peoples live in a beautiful countryside; no ambition, few wants and an insatiable love of pleasures which bring no evil consequences in their train: such is their condition."

"I *dearly* love this hamlet," said the elder. "I am *dying* to see this country," cried the second. Immediately they found themselves all three attired like simple village maidens, that is to say, with a headdress and garments whose sole magnificence was a pleasant simplicity, a fresh appearance and absolute cleanliness. The eldest assumed that, beneath so modest an exterior, one could not attract attention, unless it were by sheer beauty. The second was in no doubt that the singularity of this garb would help to render her more bewitching. As for Zimzime, she was very glad to be able to meet an ingenuous people, whose mild passions disposed their hearts doubtless to friendship. And now there came in sight this country for which they were longing.

They arrived in a meadow, in the midst of a purely rustic festival; the scene, the people, everything recalled legends of the golden age. The beauty, seeing herself surrounded by a considerable troop, raised with an air of presumptuous condescension a veil which she wore while travelling. These simple folk gazed at her for a long time with eyes more astonished than satisfied. They found her beautiful, but this was not their idea of what beauty ought to be. She spoke to nobody, being particularly disdainful of the young village girls who approached her: nor did anybody speak to her; and as she received no praise, it was not long before she grew tired of the festival. As for the pretty one, who had fully made up her mind to appear as pretty as she possibly could, she did her best; but her allurements were in vain. These simple folk beheld her with the same eyes with which they had regarded her sister's display of beauty; her smiles seemed to them grimaces, and the little speeches that she addressed to them, mockeries. Finally she began to dance with them, imitating, to the best of her belief, their artless motions; but she added to them a forced lightness and affected swayings of her body in which they could find no sort of charm. Anything that departed from a certain simplicity could attain no hold over their minds; they gazed fixedly at her and could find no pleasure in the spectacle: this was all her effect upon them. She perceived this, and said to the Fairy that " that type of person was very sulky, quite intolerable."

And Zimzime: Zimzime, who had spoken to

several of these village girls, thought those of them pretty who were so; she joined in their pastimes and was most successful. If the prize was awarded to her she desired that it should be shared among all those who had competed with her; her caresses made her loved, even by those whom she outshone, and this success continued throughout the time that she spent in this country. The young men of the neighbourhood whose hearts were still unattached spent their time thinking about her. One of them in particular, who for his part was distinguishable above all the rest and whom the Fairy embarrassed by uttering the word *disguise*—to him Zimzime would listen with pleasure; she found the pastoral life most agreeable, whereas her sisters never ceased to repeat: " I have a horror of it, it is odious." In short, they must be conveyed elsewhere.

It was to their own home that the Fairy transported them. " It is a stupid business, travelling," said the eldest. " One *perishes* of boredom," the second chimed in. " Say rather," the Fairy suggested, " that we like only those places where we find favour, and those people who appear charmed to see us. You are learning this by experience. To think only of the things that are flattering to ourselves, without ever considering what may flatter other people, is a certain way of arriving quickly at a state of boredom everywhere and with everybody. I do not at all like to have to teach harsh lessons. I had hopes of correcting your faults, by making you aware of the trouble that they would entail; I see now that the evil is beyond remedy.

This," she said to the eldest, " is the proper state of life for you." With these words she left her in the heart of a palace which had risen suddenly from the ground, all the walls of which mirrored her own reflexion. She had the pleasure of seeing herself at every moment of the day, but she saw herself growing old early; the wrinkles came, and she could not help noticing them. This was her punishment, and the origin of looking-glasses. You would not think that they had been invented as a corrective to vanity.

The Fairy took the second sister to another Palace: " You shall live here," she said to her; " you shall incessantly behold a crowd of men of all nations, whom you will be able to attract, scorn, welcome, scold, appease; but they will vanish away like phantoms, as soon as you find any satisfaction in seeing them or in hearing them speak. This is very much what you would have found in the world; most of the success that is born of coquetry is scarcely more real, and I spare you the genuine humiliations and disappointments that accompany it; for these phantoms which you will see vanish and take shape again will not assume an air of dissimulation in denying that they have succeeded in winning your favour, nor will they ever make a boast of their pretended conquests."

The Fairy then asked Zimzime what rank and what form she desired to have. " To live with you," replied Zimzime, " appears to me the most desirable lot; but since this good fortune is reserved to Fairies, leave me first of all my plainness, it spares me the jealousy of other women and reminds me that I am under an

obligation to make myself tolerable, at least in character. As for the rank that I should wish to enjoy, I cannot say. I admit that I should like to share that of the young shepherd whom I met in that happy country to which you took me: I suspected him of concealing his true state; but were he merely a humble inhabitant of that same hamlet, it seems to me that I should spend a happy life with him." No sooner had she finished speaking, than a charming Prince appeared, surrounded by his court. Zimzime recognised him of whom she had just been speaking, who proved to be the son of a great King. They loved, they married, they are in love to this day.

"*A period in some respects unique in human history.*"
SIR EDMUND GOSSE on the EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

The BROADWAY LIBRARY *of*

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH LITERATURE

Edited by RICHARD ALDINGTON

With a General Introduction by SIR EDMUND GOSSE

THE object of this series is to provide a collection of works illustrating the different aspects of eighteenth-century French life, literature, and thought. From this rich and varied period a choice has been made of those books which are most attractive to modern taste. Novels, stories, plays, poems, pamphlets, letters, confessions, memoirs—the current of the age flow through them all.

In all cases the books have been chosen for their intrinsic interest to us to-day—as pure literature, as striking examples of a stage of European thought, or as illustrating the life of the eighteenth century. The memoirs are rather personal than merely historic, certainly represent the Court, but also especially aim at revealing life in other classes. Incidentally, the Library illustrates the growth of opinion which culminated in the Revolution.

The series is printed in a Caslon type, with the preliminary pages in two colours. The volumes are bound in green buckram with gilt lettering and coloured tops.

Published by

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LTD.

Broadway House, Carter Lane, London, E.C. 4

EXTRACTS FROM REVIEWS

Morning Post.—"Here they have, in dignified and yet readable form, beautifully printed, capably edited, and quite admirably translated, typical specimens of a literary period that is immensely significant and inexhaustibly interesting. The Eighteenth Century in France marked the supremacy of the influence of polite society on literature. It was also marked by a burst of intellectual and emotional energy to which the Renaissance in this country alone is comparable. Such books deserve an honourable *format*, and they have found it in the Broadway Library which, when complete, will be a covetable addition to any discriminating reader's bookshelves."

Times Literary Supplement.—"These attractive-looking volumes usher in what should be an engaging and useful series of translations from eighteenth-century French literature. The renderings are by competent hands, and there is certainly a piquant variety in the choice of the first three books."

Sunday Times.—"These first three volumes have laid English students of history and letters under a genuine obligation to the enterprising firm which has projected the series, an obligation which will be increased with the issue of every succeeding volume."

New Statesman.—"An entertaining library. It provides us with books which illustrate the ways of living and talking and thinking which culminated in the French Revolution."—Affable Hawk.

Nation.—"This new series starts extremely well. You have in these volumes enough to give a strong taste of the eighteenth century to anyone whose French does not allow him to sip from the original. Nor do the excellent editors and translators leave the inquiring reader unguided. They have in each case written an excellent introduction which provides a new-comer with just the facts and signposts he will want and, with what is even more desirable, some stimulus to reflection."—Leonard Woolf.

Observer.—"If translation is ever defensible, these three translations can be heartily defended. The translators of Voltaire's *Letters*, Diderot's *Dialogues*, and Crébillon's *Sofa*, are all performers of distinction."—Humbert Wolfe.

Yorkshire Post.—"Their new series will be welcome. These admirable volumes set a high standard of production in every department, editorial and technical."

Dialogues. By *Denis Diderot*. Translated by *Francis Birrell*, with an Introduction. 10/6 net.

" Few men who have ever written have better succeeded in expressing their own personalities than he, and few men have been better worth knowing. His geniality, his unfailing faith in human nature, his passionate interest in humanity, his frank, buoyant, boyish enthusiasm shine from every page of these *Dialogues* rendered into English with admirable verve and fidelity."—SUNDAY TIMES.

" A sound and admirable piece of work which may be commended without reserve even to those familiar with the French language. His introduction indeed is all too short."—CRITERION.

The Sofa : a Moral Tale. By *Crébillon fils*. Translated by *Bonamy Dobrée*, with an Introduction. 12/6 net.

" Not a book that would be chosen for the prize-giving of a girls' school. But, accepting its amoral convention, how entertaining it is ; how witty ; how full of the comic spirit ; and in its satire on human frailties, how wise ! Thanks to the admirable translation, the vivacity and the subtle effects of the original are preserved."—MORNING POST.

" The elegant licentiousness of the story and the light unruffled satire afford both amusement and illumination."—THE TIMES.

Letters of Voltaire and Frederick the Great. Translated by *Richard Aldington*, with an Introduction. 15/- net.

" His translation is an admirably stylish piece of work. The correspondence is one of the most varied and entertaining of all the great collections of letters ; the light it throws on the personality of both the monarch and the philosopher has fascination enough, but the critical and intellectual matter of the letters is probably of even greater importance."—THE TIMES.

" Intimate outpourings of two of the ablest, vainest and most perfidious men who ever lived. Mr. Aldington has accomplished his work with such admirable fidelity and spirit that the letters read in his version almost as brilliantly as in the original."—SUNDAY TIMES.

Memoirs of the Bastille. By *Latude* and *Linguet*. Translated by *J.* and *S. F. Mills Whitham*, with an Introduction. With 4 plates. 10/6 net.

" Here is a book which is more thrilling and enthralling than any cloak-and-sword novel. A valuable addition to the series."—MORNING POST.

" Latude's account is vivid from first to last ; in all the celebrated fiction treating of escapes there is nothing to beat for excitement his of the Bastille. Latude was in some respects both knave and fool, but he certainly knew how to write . . . . The memoirs are excellently translated and introduced."—TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

The Reveries of a Solitary. By *Jean Jacques Rousseau*. Translated by *John Gould Fletcher*, with an Introduction. With a portrait. 10/6 net.

"Here he took up the story of his life where the *Confessions* leave it. The *Reveries* was Rousseau's last book. It has, perhaps, been neglected, and its translation by Mr. Fletcher is welcome. It is rich in the characteristics and peculiarities which made the son of a Geneva watchmaker such a 'turbulent and disorderly intellectual force' in his day."—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

The Private Life of the Marshal Duc de Richelieu. Translated by *F. S. Flint*, with an Introduction by *Richard Aldington*. With 4 plates. 10/6 net.

"A classic of alcove strategy."—NEW STATESMAN.

"An amusing and scandalous account of some of the Duke's amorous adventures."—NATION.

"Amazingly and amusingly readable, a strange picture of the licence which was permitted to a 'grand seigneur.'"—DAILY TELEGRAPH.

"He was the most notorious rake of his age, and the *Private Life* is a record of the exploits of a heartless, calculating, and consummate seducer."—SATURDAY REVIEW.

Short Stories of the French Eighteenth Century : Fortunes in the Fire, by *Crebillon fils ;* A Tale of Felicity, by *Voisenon ;* Arsace and Isménie, by *Montesquieu*. Translated by *Mrs. Wilfrid Jackson*, with Introductions. With 4 plates. 10/6 net.

"This world flowers to perfection in *Fortunes in the Fire* and in a *Tale of Felicity*. Crébillon is perhaps the most famous delineator of this eighteenth-century world, and his wit is perfect of its kind. The Abbe Voisenon's outlook on life was a trifle wider, but he was a man of Crébillon's world, and, though he may say a little more about unhappiness, he says no more about sin than Crébillon."—TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

Letters, and Memoirs. By *the Prince de Ligne*. Translated by *Leigh Ashton*, with an Introduction. With 4 plates. 10/6 net.

"The Prince de Ligne was no fool in the field, and he wrote very agreeably indeed on war gardening, love, and the history of his own changing times. Above all he was a brilliant eighteenth-century figure, who lived to see Napoleon out. Frivolous as he was, he yet exercises upon us to-day a strong attraction. We have here only a fragment of his work, but it is well chosen. The introduction strikes the right note, and the translation is easy and most graceful."—TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

"The portrait is complete in the living quality of its subject's charm. There is little in this volume one could dispense with."—NEW STATESMAN.

Memoirs of a Nun (La Religieuse). By *Denis Diderot*

Translated by *Francis Birrell*, with an Introduction. With a portrait, 10/6 net.

"A brilliant episode."—*New Statesman.* "Probably the best of Diderot's writings, *La Religieuse* is written with masterly skill and produces a very remarkable effect, for, though extremely moving, it is permeated by the atmosphere of humour to which it owes its birth. Part of the effect is due to the fine simplicity of its style. The translation is excellent."—*Nation.*

Memoirs of Madame de Pompadour. By her Waiting-Woman, *Madame du Hausset.* Translated by *F. S. Flint*, with an Introduction. With 5 plates. 10/6 net.

"These entertaining memoirs."—*Times.* "An amazing story, the tale of a dazzling career."—*Mask.* "Her account is both interesting to read and valuable as history. These memoirs, saved from destruction by the merest chance, have been found of great value by many writers on Louis XIV and his world. They are just to the personal character of the King himself. They make it possible to understand how a clever, ambitious, intellectual, artistic woman like Mme. de Pompadour could be attached to a man whose minous weaknesses were partly redeemed by kindliness, good taste and good feeling."—*Birmingham Post.*

Memoirs of the Duc de Lauzun. Translated by *C. K. Scott-Moncrieff*, with an Introduction by *Richard Aldington* and Notes by *G. Rutherford.* With 5 plates, 10/6 net.

"This delightful and absorbing book is the product of an experienced and unusually charming man. His story of his amorous adventures is haphazard and transparently spontaneous. His narrative has something of the freshness, incompleteness and essential inconsequence of real life. He allows us to see his character. It is the portrait of a whimsical, impulsive, egocentric, but fundamentally tender and good-hearted man."—*New Statesman.* "The wit and conciseness of the narrative have been enhanced by the translator."—*Life and Letters.*

Joubert's Pensées and Letters. Translated by *H. P. Collins*, with an Introduction. 10/6 net.

"I find in this book many thoughts in which common-sense has become exquisite."—Affable Hawk in *New Statesman.* "He has conferred no small blessing upon all interested in French letters. Joubert shares with La Rochefoucauld and La Bruyere the honours of this peculiarly French form of philosophic writing [the aphorism]. The book has been well translated by Mr. Collins, who has managed to preserve more of the brilliance of style of the original than one had thought possible. He has also written a short but clear Introduction."—*London Mercury.*

VOLUMES JUST PUBLISHED

The Picture of Paris, before and after the Revolution.

By *Louis Sebastien Mercier*. Translated by *Wilfrid and Emily Jackson*, with an Introduction. With 12 plates, 12/6 net.

Mercier was a courageous and enterprising man whose work at first displeased the authorities. Nevertheless his *Picture of Paris* was read all over Europe, and has to-day lost little or nothing or its charm. It is the work of an observer whose outspoken words have exceptional flavour of their own. Mercier wandered through Paris haphazardly, noting down his impressions, sketching a portrait of abbé, bishop, bourgeois, or man of letters, remarking on the work of the police, the government, or the public executioner. In this way he paints a living portrait of the Paris of his day, an inexhaustible history of the City's manners and morals.

The Adventures of Zeloide and Amanzarifdine,

and Other Tales. By *Paradis de Moncrif*. Translated by *C. K. Scott-Moncrieff*, with an Introduction. 10/6 net.

These fairy tales by Paradis de Moncrif (1687-1770) of the French Academy, ably translated by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff, retain to-day the glitter with which they shone on their first publication. The Introduction gives an account of Moncrif's life at the Court of Louis XV and contrasts it with the lives of some of his Scottish kinsmen.

NEARLY READY

Letters of Mlle de Lespinasse, to and from the Comte de Guibert.

Translated by *E. H. F. Mills*, with an Introduction. With 4 plates, about 21/- net.

The letters of Mlle de Lespinasse to the Comte de Guibert are here translated for the first time in their entirety into English. No more vivid portrayal of a woman's emotions can be found than these letters of the leader of one of the most brilliant of Parisian salons. Sincerity is the keynote of the book. These letters lay bare her inmost thoughts. They also give a vivid sketch of French society in the years 1773-1776. Literature, art, music, politics, all find their place.

Memoirs of Madame d'Epinay.

Translated by *Mrs. E. G. Allingham*, with an Introduction. With 4 plates, about 12/6 net.

Madame d'Epinay, whose *Memoirs* have so far lain on the top shelf of history, should in this age of self-revelation come into her own. No modern diarists have outrivalled this dainty eighteenth-century miniaturist in words. Her book is a perfect chronicle of the period viewed through a woman's eyes. As upon a screen she throws her scenes—the tête-à-tête, the family party, the dinner party at the house of a famous actress; she recites from memory the conversations heard; she recalls vividly to life Duclos, Rousseau, Grimm, Diderot and many another. She reveals a code of morals and a state of mental striving in an age as big with psychological changes and problems as our own.

Memoirs of Marmontel. Translated by *Briget Patmore*, with an Introduction.

Letters of Voltaire and Madame du Deffand. Translated by *Richard Aldington*, with an Introduction.

Royal Prisoners of the Revolution. Translated by *Maud Stawell.* With an Introduction by *Richard Aldington.*

Adventures of a Man of Quality in England. By the *Abbé Prevost.* Translated by *Dr. Mysie Robertson*, with an Introduction.

Memoirs of Madame de Staal-Delaunay. Translated by *Raymond Mortimer*, with an Introduction.

The September Massacres of 1792. Translated by *Ralph Partridge*, with an Introduction.

Man the Machine and Other Philosophical Pieces. By *Julien de la Mettrie.* Translated by *Harold Monro*, with an Introduction.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS, LTD., LONDON, E.C.4.